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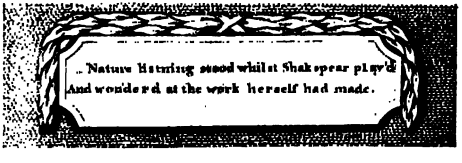

E. Cockbd. Del *C. Trebutsl.*

1819.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. III.

SHAKESPEARE AND JONSON.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.
William Brown, Printer.
1819.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the sixteenth day of March, in the forty-third year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1819, Ezekiel Sanford, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Works of the British Poets. With Lives of the Authors, by Ezekiel Sanford."

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D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CONTENTS.

SELECT POEMS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

	Page
Life of the Author,	3
Venus and Adonis,	45
Rape of Lucrece,	89
Sonnets,	157
Passionate Pilgrim,	183
Lover's Complaint,	193
Songs,	205

SELECT POEMS OF BEN JONSON.

Life of the Author,	217

UNDER-WOODS.

Sinner's Sacrifice,	277
A Celebration of Charis,	279
Charis' Triumph,	280
His Discourse with Cupid,	281
Begging a Second, on colour of Mending the Former,	283
Her Man described by her own dictamen,	284
The Musical Strife, in a Pastoral Dialogue,	285
In the Person of Woman-kind. A Song Apologetique,	287
A Nymph's Passion,	288
My Picture left in Scotland,	289
Against Jealousy,	290
The Dream,	291
An Epitaph on Master Vincent Corbet,	*ib.*
Epistle to the Earl of Dorset,	293
An Epistle to Master John Selden,	294
An Elegie,	295

Page
A Satyrical Shrub, ... 296
An Ode. To Himself, ... 297
The Mind of the Frontispiece to a Book, ... 298
An Ode, ... 299
A Fit of Rhyme against Rhyme, ... 300
Epitaph for a Poor Man, ... 302
An Epigram to the Counsellor that Pleaded and Carried the Cause, ... 303
An Elegie, ... 304
Another, ... 306
Another, ... 308
An Execration upon Vulcan, ... 309
An Epistle to Master Arth. Squib, ... 311
An Epigram on Sir Edward Coke, when he was Lord Chief Justice of England, ... 312
An Epistle, answering to one that asked to be sealed of the Tribe of Ben, ... 313
The Dedication of the King's New Cellar. To Bacchus, 315
An Epigram to the honoured —— Countess of ——, . 317
Lord Bacon's Birth Day, ... 318
An Epigram to William Earl of Newcastle, ... 319
Epistle to my Lady Covell, ... 320
An Epigram on the Prince's Birth, ... 321
An Epistle Mendicant. To the Right Hon. the Lord High Treasurer of England, ... 322
An Anniversary Epigram. To the King, on his Birth Day, Nov. 19, 1632, ... 323
A Congratulatory Ode. To Lord Weston, on his return from his Embassy, ... 324
Epithalamion; or, a Song, ... 325
Ode. "Faire Friend," &c. 332
Eupheme. Song of her descent, ... 333
The Picture of the Body, ... 334
The Mind, ... 336
To John George, ... 338
Ode to Lydia, ... 339

EPIGRAMMES.

To my Book, ... 341
On the Union, ... ib.
On Something that Walks Somewhere, ... 342
On Lieutenant Shift, ... ib.

Page
octor Empirick, ... 343
'illiam Camden, ... ib.
rain-Hardy, ... 344
eformed Gam'ster, ... ib.
on Surly, ... 345
r Annual Tilter, ... ib.
e Ghost of Martial, ... 346
iles and Jones, ... ib.
ensorious Courtling, ... 347
room Ideot, ... ib.
e Earl of Salisbury, ... 348
y Muse, ... ib.
ay-wright, ... 349
illiam Roe, ... ib.
ine Grand, ... 350
ney, Countess of Bedford, ... 351
nglish Monsieur, ... ib.
ew Cry, ... 352
r Thomas Rowe, ... 353
e Earl of Pembroke, ... 354
r Edward Herbert, ... 355
aptain Hungry, ... ib.
rue Soldiers, ... 356
lement Edmonds on his Cæsar's Commentaries observed, and Translated, ... 357
e same, on the same, ... 358
Weak Gamster in Poetry, ... ib.
e Town's Honest Man, ... 359
r William Jephson, ... 360
pitaph, ... 361
ame Lord Aubigny, ... 362
lward Filmer, ... ib.
ame, ... 363

THE FORREST.

I write not of Love, ... 364
emhurst, ... ib.
e World. A Farewell for a Gentlewoman, virtuous and noble, ... 368
To Celia, ... 370
s, ... 371
Sir William Sidney, on his Birth Day, ... 372

SONGS.

	Page
From the Poetaster,	374
Hymn to Pan,	377
From the Silent Woman,	378
In the Devil is an Ass,	ib.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Love, a Little Boy,	381
Epithalamion,	382
Witches' Charms,	384

SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE* was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23d, and baptized on the 26th, of April, 1564. His biographers cannot suppose him to have descended from any but ancient and renowned families. Some years ago, they were gratified with the confirmation of letters patent from Henry VII. dated in 1599, and granting to our poet's great grandfather a coat of arms, and a quantity of land. This would prove him to have rendered 'faithful and approved service' to his king; but, unluckily, the utmost industry of Mr. Malone could discover no such instrument in the chapel of rolls. As a compensation, however, we are presented with two rough draughts

* The orthography of this name has been the occasion of great difficulties to the commentators and biographers. Our author himself spelt it in three different ways, in signing three copies of his will. There are but two other instances of his autograph remaining,—his signatures to a mortgage, and a bargain and sale, in 1613; and it is a little singular, that the two latter are not only unlike each other,—but different from either of the three former. The whole five are mere scrawls. The first, to the mortgage, is *Shakspea*; the second, to the bargain and sale, *Shaksper*; the third, to the first brief of his will, *Shackspere*; the fourth, to the second brief, *Shakspe re*; and the last, to the third brief, *Shakspeare*. His cotemporaries spelt it *Shakespeare*; and, as this orthography, while it shows their pronunciation, is in correspondence with our own, we have concluded to adopt it.

of a similar grant, dated in 1596: from which Dr. Drake is happy to infer, that the great grandfather must have signalized himself in the battle of Bosworth-field. He first thinks, 'it is probable that the service alluded to (in the grant) was of a *military cast;*' then quotes the expression, 'faithful and valiant service;' and concludes, that these terms could only 'imply the heroism of our poet's ancestor in the field of Bosworth.'* It appears, at any rate, by this instrument, which was confirmed in 1599, and is now in the college of arms, that John Shakespeare, the father of the poet, had been justice of the peace, and possessed lands to the value of 500*l.* From the Stratford Register, we also learn, that, in 1568, he was a member of the corporation; and, in the following year, became their high bailiff, or chief magistrate.

From these facts, the biographers would have us conclude, that 'the Shakespeares were of good figure and fashion' in Warwickshire. It is unpleasant to think, that they should be employed in plebeian trades; and when, at last, the truth must be told,—that the father of Shakespeare was a wool-stapler,—the fall is partly recovered, by adding, that he dealt 'in the large way.'† According to Aubrey,

* Shakespeare and his Times. 1817. Vol. i. p. 2. The shield and coat are, 'a field of gould upon a bend sable, a *speare* of the first, the poynt upward, hedded argent;' the crest or cognizance, 'a falcon with his wings displayed, standing on a wrethe of his coullers, supporting a *speare* armed hedded, or steeled sylver.' The *speare* seems to have been the favourite symbol; and this, with *shake*, the word appropriated to the mode of handling the weapon, may possibly have been the original constituents of the name. But we profess no skill in these mysteries; and perhaps the device was suggested by the name, and not the name by the device.

† This is said upon the authority of Rowe; who merely tells us, that he was a '*considerable* dealer in wool.' About forty-six years ago, Mr. Peyton, of Stratford, took from the window of the house, in which Shakespeare was born, and which has been long occupied as a tavern, a pane of glass, on which were painted the wool-stapler's arms—*nebule on a chief gules, a lion passant or.* This, says Dr. Drake, 'is undoubtedly a strong corroborative proof of the authenticity of Mr. Rowe's relation.' Vol. i. p. 7. But, unfortunately, Mr. Whec-

the father was a butcher; but, as wool comes from sheep, and as sheep are killed by the butcher, 'no small affinity' is discovered between the two trades, and there is, therefore, no additional degradation on that account. It is from this disposition to exalt the early consequence of the family, that our predecessors have undertaken to prove a very rapid decline of their circumstances, about the year 1579. In that year, as it appears by the parish register, the corporation of Stratford ordained, that 'every alderman should be taxed weekly 4*d.* saving *John Shakespeare* and Robert Bruce, who shall not be taxed to pay any thing; and every burgess to pay 2*d.*' Seven years afterwards, the same body resolved, that 'William Smith and Richard Courte should be aldermen in the places of John Wheler and *John Shakespeare*, for that Mr. Wheler doth desire to be put out of the company, and Mr. Shakespeare doth not come to the halls, when they are warned, nor hath not done of long time.'

'The conclusion to be drawn from these memoranda,' says Dr. Drake, with fitting solemnity, 'must unavoidably be, that in 1579, Mr. Shakespeare's situation, in a pecuniary light, was so much reduced, that, on this account, he was excused the weekly payment of 4*d.*; and that, in 1586, the same distress still subsisting, he was, on the plea of non-attendance, dismissed the corporation.'* So far from being unable to avoid such a conclusion, we should suppose Dr. Drake had taken much pains to discover it. When he had just told us, that our poet's

ler, in his *Guide to Stratford*, has destroyed the whole beauty of the tale, by proving, that this pane of glass was taken from the windows of the parish chapel. 'Old Thomas Hart,' says he, 'constantly declared, that his great uncle, Shakespeare Hart, a glazier of this town, who had the new glazing of the chapel windows, where it is known, from Dugdale, that such a shield existed, brought it from thence, and introduced it into his own window.'

* Shak. vol. i. pp. 6, 7. The same thing is repeated times without number in the various parts of these huge quartos.

father possessed 500 pounds in land, and was a wool-dealer in the large way, should he be the first to believe, that Mr. Shakespeare's resources were, in so short a time, reduced so low, that he could not sustain a trifling tax of four pence a week? For our own parts, we are satisfied with the explanation which is given in the register. It is likely, that this tax was merely to defray the necessary expenses of the meetings at the hall; and it appears, from the last memorandum, that, when any member desired to be put out of the company, he was released from all its duties and offices. John Wheler made a formal application to be dismissed; and Mr. Shakespeare signified his intention by absenting himself from the meetings. The corporation do not appear to have been forward to dismiss him 'on the plea of non-attendance;' and it was not until after a long course of delinquency, that they resolved to deprive him of his office.

They do not assign poverty as the cause; and Mr. Shakespeare might have neglected to appear at the hall, for twenty other reasons, equally probable. Perhaps the most likely is, that he had been converted to the Romish faith, and did not choose to show himself too frequently, at a time, when to be a catholic was to be a traitor and an outlaw. About the year 1770, a master-bricklayer, employed by Mr. Thomas Hart, the fifth in descent from Shakespeare's sister, Joan Hart, to new-tile the house, in which our poet is supposed to have been born, discovered, between the rafters and the old tiling, a stitched manuscript pamphlet of six leaves, which proved to be the 'spiritual will' of Mr. John Shakespeare. The bricklayer gave the prize to Mr. Peyton, an alderman of Stratford; who transmitted it to Mr. Malone. There are fourteen articles in the will; and they are all a repetition of nearly the same thing,—of the testator's penitence for his sins, and of his faith in the efficacy of popish *religion*. It was once supposed, that Mr. Shake-

speare was himself the writer of the instrument; but Mr. Malone says, he has documents, which clearly prove, that it could not have been composed by any member of the family. It is not known at what time Mr. Shakespeare turned catholic; and, as he directed his will to be buried with him, it is probable, that he took pains to keep his conversion a secret. The testament must have been drawn up by some priest or clerk; and the paper, found by the bricklayer, could only have been a copy of the original.

Our poet's father married the heiress of Mr. Robert Arden, of Wellingate, in Warwickshire. The Ardens, too, must be an ancient family. Fuller says, that one Robert Arden was reckoned among the 'gentry' in 1433; and, in the years 1562 and 1568, two persons of the same name are enumerated among the sheriffs of the county.* Most readers have heard of the *Forest of Arden*;—and an attempt is here made to derive the very blood of Shakespeare from a tragical source. *Arden of Feversham*, a tragedy, was written in 1592; and, according to Mr. Jacob, who republished it in 1770, our poet was descended from the unfortunate individual, who is the heroine. In the grant of arms, already mentioned, Mr. Arden is styled 'a gentleman of worship;' and, after Mr. Shakespeare had married his daughter, the arms of the two families were impaled together.

Mr. Shakespeare himself does not appear to have been so anxious, as the biographers, to preserve the celebrity of his connexions; for, besides the Ardens, he married into two other families, which are so little famous, that even their names have not yet been discovered. The offspring of these three marriages have given our predecessors a great deal of trouble. According to Rowe, Mr. Shakespeare had *ten* children; and William was the eldest son.

* *Worthies of* England. Vol. iii. fol. 131, 132.

Mr. Malone is of opinion, that the marriage recorded between 'John Shakespeare and Margery Roberts' must relate to a son of the old gentleman, born before the commencement of the register;* and that the three children, which immediately follow, Ursula, Humphrey, and Phillip, were the issue of the son. This will give the father only *nine* children; and make William the *second*, instead of the *first*, son. Dr. Drake dissents from both opinions; and, by making 'John Shakespeare' relate uniformly to the father, supposes three marriages, and *eleven* children. He says, 'there is every reason' to think, that, had 'John Shakespeare' referred, in any instance, to the son, the name would have been distinguished by the epithet *younger*. He forgot, however, that the register displays many other marks of negligence, equally unaccountable. The epithet *Mr.* is sometimes prefixed, and sometimes omitted: the marriage of the third wife is not recorded; and there is mention of two daughters by the name of *Jone*, though the death of the first is no where to be found. According to the last supposition, also, the father lost his second wife towards

* The register is as follows:—

'*Jone*, daughter of John Shakespeare, was baptized Sept. 15, 1558.
'*Margare*', daughter of John Shakespeare, was buried, April 30, 1563.
'*William*, son of John Shakespeare, was baptized April 26, 1564.
'*Gilbert*, son of John Shakespeare, was baptized Oct. 3, 1566.
'*Jone*, daughter of John Shakespeare, was baptized April 15, 1569.
'*Anne*, daughter of Mr. John Shakespeare, was baptized Sept. 28, 1571.
'*Richard*, son of Mr. John Shakespeare, was baptized March 11, 1573-4.
'*Edmund*, son of Mr. John Shakespeare, was baptized May 3, 1580.
'*John Shakespeare* and Margery Roberts were married Nov 25, 1584.
'*Margery*, wife of Mr. John Shakespeare, was buried Oct. 29, 1587.
'*Ursula*, daughter of John Shakespeare, was baptized March 11, 1588.
'*Humphrey*, son of John Shakespeare, was baptized May 24, 1590.
'*Phillip*, son of John Shakespeare, was baptized Sept. 21, 1591.
'*Mr. John Shakespeare* was buried Sept. 8, 1601.
'*ary Shakespeare*, widow, was buried Sept. 9, 1608.'

the close of October, 1587; and, about six months afterwards,—early in March, 1588,—was married again, and had a daughter, ready for baptism. He was not wont to 'post with such haste.' We learn, from the first part of the register, that he had but seven children in 22 years.

Leaving such questions to be settled by those who feel more interest, and have better helps, than ourselves, we pass to the next grave topics of discussion,—the house of the old gentleman, and the arm-chair of his son. If the former was a butcher, his posterity have been singularly tenacious of his trade, as well as of his dwelling. The house is in a 'certaine streete called Henley streete.' Since the death of Mr. Shakespeare it has been divided into two tenements; one of which is occupied as a public-house, and the other, as the shop of Mr. Thomas Hart, a butcher, who is the seventh descendant from Jone Shakespeare. Mr. Samuel Ireland found something very picturesque in the kitchen. It 'has an appearance,' he says, 'sufficiently interesting, abstracted from its claim to notice as relative to the bard. It is a subject very similar to those that so frequently employed the rare talents of Ostade, and therefore cannot be deemed unworthy the pencil of an inferior artist.'* Over the chimney of the lower room, in the tavern, there is an ornament relieved in plaster, and dated 1606. Mr. Ireland thinks, it may 'possibly have been put up by the poet himself;' and he gives a plate of its appearance, with a copy of the motto. The easy credulity of our author is known to have subjected him to some egregious impositions; and our confidence in the authenticity of this relic is not much strengtened by the adventure of the painted glass. The motto is said to have been in black letter; and Mr. Ireland took it from the memory of Mr. Hart:—

* Picturesque Views on the Thames. 1791. Vol. i. p. 192, and seq.

Goliah comes with sword and *speare*
And David with a sling:
Although Goliah rage and sweare
Down David doth him bring.

But the object of the most worship was an old oaken chair, which stood in the chimney-corner, and is said to have been the one, in which Shakespeare used to sit. 'This relic,' says Mr. Ireland, 'was purchased in July, 1790, by the princess Czartoryska, who made a journey to this place, in order to obtain intelligence relative to Shakespeare; and, being told he had often sat in this chair, she placed herself in it, and expressed an ardent wish to become a purchaser; but being informed, that it was not to be sold at any price, she left a handsome gratuity to old Mrs. Hart, and left the place with apparent regret. About four months after, the anxiety of the princess could no longer be withheld, and her secretary was despatched express, as the fit agent, to purchase this treasure at any rate: the sum of twenty guineas was the price fixed on, and the secretary and chair, with a proper certificate of its authenticity on stamped paper, set off in a chaise for London.'* Dr. Drake does not believe all this, without venturing to remark, that Mr. Ireland was 'probably too eager in crediting the tales which were told him;' and that one Jordan, the usual guide to the curiosities of Stratford, 'was esteemed not very accurate in weighing the authenticity of the anecdotes which he related.'† Again, old Mr. Hart told Mr. Ireland, that, when a boy, he and his playfellows dressed themselves as Scaramouches in Shakespeare's apparel: 'an anecdote,' the cautious doctor once more observes, 'of which, if we consider the lapse of time, it may be allowed us to doubt the credibility, and to conclude, that the recollection of Mr. Hart had deceived him.'‡

* Pict. Views, vol. i. p. 189. † Shak. vol. i. p. 23, note.
‡ Ibid.

On the 30th day of June, 1564, about two months after the birth of our poet, the plague broke out in Stratford, and, before the close of December, had swept away more than two hundred of its inhabitants. The biographers delight to calculate the chances of Shakespeare's escape; and, having found, upon the principles of statistics, that it was about as seven to one, they congratulate mankind upon the discovery. 'May we,' says Mr. Malone, who, on this occasion, must be as silly as others, 'may we suppose, that, like Horace, he lay secure and fearless (he was two months old) in the midst of contagion and death, protected by the Muses, to whom his future life was to be devoted, and covered over:

——— sacra
Lauroque, collataque myrto,
Non sine diis animosus infans.'

These dotages are followed by others, quite as extravagant, respecting the education of Shakespeare. The 'small Latin and less Greek,' which Jonson allows him, was probably acquired at the free-school at Stratford, to which he was sent for a short period. It is not known what books he studied; but Dr. Drake succeeds in making a list of eleven grammars and dictionaries, which 'it is possible,' he says, 'may have contributed' to his education. One grammar, he is sure, must have been put into his hands;—the grammar 'set forth by king Henry the Eighth,' and ordered, by queen Elizabeth, to be used to the exclusion of all others. The elementary literature of the sixteenth century is now passed in review; and, among the rest, a book by one De Bland, called ΕΙΡΗΝΑΡΧΙΑ, *sive* ELIZABETHA, which was designed to panegyrize the ministers and government of Elizabeth, and which that benign princess enjoined to be read as a classic in all grammar-schools. In *Love's Labours Lost*,

Shakespeare quotes the Eclogues of Mantuanus,* the Cremlite; which, we are told, were then used in schools, with the English on one page, and the Latin on the other. Classical learning was the fashion of the day; and no female could boast of being accomplished, until she was able to construe Greek. The mania began in Elizabeth; who spread it, by her example, at court, and by her authority, in the kingdom.

Shakespeare is supposed to have been about twelve years old, when he was taken from school to follow the trade of his father. That he must once have dealt in wool, is supposed to be conclusively proved by two passages in his works; which say the commentators, could not have been written by one acquainted only with the 'theory' of sheep shearing. 'Let me see,' says the clown, in the *Winter's Tale*:—'Every 'leven weather-tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to?'† Three several note-makers have undertaken to solve this question in the rule of three; and, after a most scrupulous investigation into the value of a *tod*, the bulk of a fleece, and the price of wool, they have discovered, that Shakespeare was exactly right in all these particulars. Again, the skewers for wool sacks are generally 'rough-hewn' by one hand, and 'shaped at the end' by another. These are terms of art; and Hamlet has made use of them both:—

> There's a divinity which *shapes our ends,*
> *Rough-hew* them how you will.‡

* '*Hal. Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

> —— Vinegia, Vinegia,
> Chi non te rede, ci non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! Old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.' Act IV. Sc. 2.

† Act IV. Sc. 2. ‡ Act V. Sc. 2.

Aubrey tells us, that Shakespeare exercised the other part of his father's trade; and that, 'when he killed a calfe, he would do it in high style, and make a speech.' Dr. Drake is willing to believe, that he was employed in the wool-trade; 'but that the father of our poet, the former bailiff of Stratford, should employ his children, instead of servants, in the slaughter of his cattle, is a position so revolting, so unnecessarily degrading on the part of the father,' that really the doctor must be permitted to hazard his scepticism of its truth.* The former bailiff of Stratford was not likely to think, that, what he did himself, would be degrading to his son; and, when Dr. Drake gives him a retinue of 'servants,' he forgets the story of his inability to pay the corporation-tax. The only evidence of Shakespeare's skill in slaughtering calves is derived from a speech in the second part of *King Henry VI.*† But, if that passage shows him to have been a butcher, we could easily prove him an adept in twenty other trades. We hope it is not now said, for the first time, that the great excellence of all his descriptions consists in their fidelity. He often surprises us with a knowledge of particulars, which would seem unattainable by a mere spectator. He must have been particularly attentive to the economy of beasts; and one of his admirers has even gone so far as to call him a perfect natural historian.

In the summer of 1575, queen Elizabeth paid a visit to the earl of Leicester, at Kenelworth-Castle. The entertainments, devised for her reception, are

* Shak. vol. i. p. 37.

† And, as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it, when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;—
And, as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss; &c.
Act III. Sc. 1.

said to have lasted nineteen days, and to have been the most splendid that were ever attempted in the kingdom. They commenced at Long Ichiton, seven miles from Kenelworth, where the earl had erected a fairy city of canvass, which required no less than seven cart-loads of tent-pins. After banqueting here, the queen proceeded to Kenelworth. At the entrance of the castle, there was a pool with a floating island, a Triton upon a mermaid, and Arion upon his Dolphin. Within the base-court, a stately bridge twenty feet wide, and seventy long, lined with pillars, bearing presents from the gods to her majesty, admitted the cavalcade into the castle; and sports, shows, bear-baitings, fire-works, tumbling, running at the quantain, and morris-dancing, contributed to fill up the entertainment. But, what made 'her majestie laugh well,' was the representation of an old pantomime called *Hoc Tuesday*, which was intended to celebrate the courage of the Britons in defeating the Danes under king Ethelred. The whole fete was truly English. Three hundred and twenty hogsheads of beer were swallowed in honour of queen Elizabeth; and, as Stratford was but a few miles from Kenelworth, Shakespeare is supposed to have been present at the celebration, and to have drank some of this beer. Thucydides, we are told, became a historian, by hearing Herodotus at the Olympic games; and it has been often suggested, that Shakespeare was first touched with dramatic fire at the exhibition of *Hoc Tuesday*.

According to Aubrey, our poet 'understood Latin pretty well; for he had been, in his younger years, a schoolmaster in the country.' Mr. Malone thinks, here is 'an adumbration of the truth;' and from this shadow he proceeds to ascertain what he supposes to be the reality. Shakespeare, in his opinion, 'had been employed in his younger years as a *teacher* in the country; though Dr. Farmer has incontestibly proved, that he could not have been

a teacher of Latin. I have already suggested my opinion, that before his coming to London he had acquired some share of legal knowledge in the office of a petty-conveyancer, or in that of the steward of some manorial court. If he began to apply to this study at the age of eighteen, two years afterwards he might have been sufficiently conversant with conveyances to have taught others the form of such legal assurances as are usually prepared by country attornies; and perhaps spent two or three years in this employment before he removed from Stratford to London.' The ingenuity of this deduction has been greatly applauded; and, if ingenuity were always the best guide to truth, we would willingly unite in the general acclamation. But, whatever may be the merits of Mr. Malone, on this score, it is certainly the first time we ever heard of a man, who studied the profession of law for the sole purpose of teaching it to others.

It should be remembered, that, from his 12th to his 20th year, we have very little account of Shakespeare's life. Between these two periods, he might, at different times, or even at the same time, have been both a schoolmaster and an attorney's clerk. That he taught school, we have the testimony of Aubrey;—that he studied law, is supposed to be proved from his works. When we first saw the array of legal phrases, selected from his plays by Mr. Malone, we were inclined to disbelieve the inference; for we found nearly half as many similar allusions in a single comedy of Jonson. The subsequent perusal of his poems, however, has enabled us to add about thirty instances to the list; and, though those adduced from the whole of his dramatic works, amount to but twenty, they are generally such as could not have been picked up by a mere spectator in court. One whole sonnet, for instance, is made up of legal allusions:—

NO. CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am *mortgag'd* to thy will
Myself I'll *forfeit*, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still.
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, *surety-like*, to write for me
Under that *bond* that him as fast doth bind
The *statute* of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, thou put'st forth all thy use,
And *sue* a friend, come *debtor* for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
He *pays* the whole, and yet am I not free.*

* Never, it appears to us, was a poet's head so full of bonds, and mortgages, and leases, and rents, and jails, and prisons:—

But when the heart's attorney once is mute
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.
Venus and Adonis.

A lily prison'd in a jail of snow.
Ibid.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
Ibid.

Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
Set thy seal-manual, on my wax red lips.
Ibid.

Say for non-payment that the debt should double.
Ibid.

The honey fee of parting tender'd is.
Ibid.

Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason.
Ibid.

Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right.
Ibid.

A date expir'd and cancelled ere begun.
Rape of Lucrece.

Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws.
Ibid.

In the village of Bidford, not far from Shakespeare's native place, there was a club of bacchinals, who called themselves the *Bidford Topers*; and whose custom it was to challenge their neigh-

No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet vest came evidence to swear, &c.

Ibid.

That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed.

Ibid.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue.

Ibid.

Which, us'd, lives thy executor to be.

Sonnet iv.

So should that beauty which you hold in lease, &c.

Sonnet xiii.

And summer's lease hath all too short a date.

No. xviii.

How with his rage shall beauty hold a plea.

No. lxv.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away, &c.

No. lxxiv.

The barren tender of a poet's debt.

No. lxxxiii.

The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing:
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

No. lxxxvii.

—— faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted.

No. lxxxviii.

For term of life thou art assured mine.

No. xcii.

Can yet the lease of my true love controul,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.

No. cvii.

Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day.

No. cxvii.

bours to combats at drinking ale. The people of Stratford were called out, upon one occasion; and Shakespeare, as the tradition runs, was sent or volunteered as one of the champions. But he and his associates were unable to stand before the veteran topers of Bidford. They 'staggered,' says Mr. Ireland, 'at the first onset;' and took advantage of the last glimpse of rationality to bethink themselves of a retreat. Having proceeded about half a mile,

Which works on leases of short-number'd hours.
No. cxxiv.

Lose all and more by paying too much rent.
No. cxxv.

By mutual render, only me for thee.
Ibid.

And her quietus is to render thee.
No. cxxvi.

Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail.
No. cxxxiii.

And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;
Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.
No. cxlii.

Why so large cost, having so short a lease.
No. cxlvi.

Of lands and mansions, there's in thought assign'd.
Lover's Complaint.

And was my own fee-simple ———
Ibid.

In the examples quoted by Mr. Malone, he shows himself to have been acquainted with the legal distinction between 'purchase' and 'descent;' speaks of 'fee-simple, with fine and recovery;' of being 'rested on the ease;' of 'single bonds;' of 'making an extent;' of being 'taken with the manner;' of 'enfeoffment;' of 'accepting before excepted;' of 'praying in aid;' of 'fee farms;' of 'interchangeably setting hands and seals;' of 'saving precepts;' of 'demises;' &c. We are confident, that Mr. Malone has not collected one-tenth of the instances. It is not legal phrases only,—but legal maxims and principles, that he has so profusely scattered through his works. 'He that dies, pays all debts;' &c.

they found the powers of ale no longer resistable; and our bard, in particular, is said to have passed the night under a large crab-tree, which, to this day, is called Shakespeare's Crab. A poet, who gets drunk upon ale, and lies all night under a crab-tree, is not a very fit subject for romance; and our veneration for Shakespeare cannot prevent us from being amused, when Mr. Ireland talks of 'the tree which,' on this occasion, 'spread its shade over him, and sheltered him from the dews of the night.' Either the ale, however, or the dews of the night, appear to have refrigerated his courage; for, when entreated, in the morning, to return to the charge, he looked around upon the adjacent villages, and exclaimed, according to the story, 'No! I have had enough; I have drunk with

> Piping Pibworth, Dancing Marston,
> Haunted Hillbro, Hungry Grafton,
> Drudging Eschale, Papist Wicksford,
> Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bidford.'

Nor was it in ale-bibbing alone, that our poet seems to have been inclined to show himself a man. In his nineteenth year, he married Anne Hatheway, the daughter of a substantial yeoman, at Shottery, about a mile from Stratford. According to the epitaph, in Stratford church,* she must have been eight years older than himself; and this disparity of age has occasioned a variety of grave discussion upon the motives, which induced him to enter into the connection. Rowe seems to hint, that it was prudence: Theobold suggests it to have been interest: but Dr. Drake has three distinct reasons for believing, that it was neither. 'In the first place,' says he, 'though his bride was eight years older than

* 'Heere Lyeth Interrid The Bodye of Anne, Wife of Mr. William Shakespeare, Who Depted. This Life The 6th Day of August, 1623, Being of the Age of 67 Yeares.'

himself, still she could be but in her twenty-sixth year, an age compatible with youth, and with the most alluring beauty; secondly, it does not appear, that the finances of young Shakespeare were in the least improved by the connection; and thirdly, (in answer to a supposition of Mr. Capell,) we know that he remained some years at Stratford after his marriage, which it is not likely that he would have done, had he been at variance with his father.*

Another circumstance used to be very perplexing to the biographers; namely, that, as Shakespeare could not be in love, without writing verses, there had never been brought to light any of those effusions, which he must have poured out in praise of his mistress. Two modern authors have undertaken to supply this deficiency; and the last, in particular, resolving, that we should no longer regret the want of biographical documents, has produced not only the poetical notes, which passed between Anne and her lover,—but letters to and from him and others; a journal by his own hand; an account of many of his plays; memoirs of his life by himself; and many other MSS. equally interesting.†

* Shak. vol. i. p. 63.

† A Tour in Quest of Genealogy, &c. By a Barrister. Lond. 1811. Seldom does a man go in *quest* of such things, without finding them in abundance. The first stanzas of one of *Anne's* sonnets will show, that she bid fair to write as good poetry as Shakespeare himself:—

To the Beloved of the Muses and Me.

Sweete Swanne of Avon, thou whose art
Can mould at will the human hart,
Can drawe from all who reade or heare,
The unresisted smile and teare:

By thee a vyllage maiden found,
No care had I for measured sounde;
To dresse the fleece that Willie wrought
Was all I knew, was all I sought. &c.

The Hatheways are now a poor and necessitous race; and a part of them, it is said, still occupy the cottage, which belonged to our poet's father-in-law. Here Mr. Ireland finds another 'old oak chair,' in which, he was told, Shakspeare used to sit on his visits of courtship. Mr. Ireland was not the Princess Czartoryska; and he seems, therefore, to have purchased this article, without much negotiation, and at a moderate price. No pilgrim to the shrine of Shakspeare would go away without a relic; and a steady demand for any article is always found to create a supply. Garrick bought an inkstand, and a pair of fringed gloves, which were said to have belonged to Shakespeare; and Mr. Ireland, besides the old oak chair, was fortunate enough to procure his purse.

We do not see the necessity of looking for a deep scheme in Shakspeare's early marriage; and, if, as Rowe relates, it was 'in order to settle in the world after a family-manner,' it is rather unfortunate, that the first example of his settled habits should be the robbery of Sir Thomas Lucy's park. Our predecessors can only relate this anecdote in vague and distant terms of excuse and extenuation. It is called 'an unfortunate occasion,' a 'juvenile irregularity,' an 'adventurous amusement.' It was, in fact, a downright piece of thievery. At any rate, Sir Thomas Lucy had other ideas of amusement; and, he even carried his contracted taste so far as to bring the purloiner of his venison before a magistrate. This is supposed to have been the first occasion, which called forth Shakspeare's genius for poetry. He wrote a ballad upon Sir Thomas; and, by dint of copying and posting, was enabled to give it so extensive a circulation, that the knight, provoked at being first robbed, and then lampooned, instituted more serious proceedings against

ceived it, through Rowe and Betterton, fr
William Davenant:—

'In the time of Elizabeth,' says he, 'c
being yet uncommon, and hired coaches no
in use, those who were too proud, too tend
too idle to walk, went on horseback to any
business or diversion. Many came on horseb
the play; and, when Shakespeare fled to L
from the terror of a criminal prosecution, hi
expedient was to wait at the door of the play-
and hold the horses of those that had no se
that they might be ready again after the pe
ance. In this office, he became so conspicu
his care and readiness, that every man, as he
ed, called for Will Shakespeare, and scarce
other waiter was trusted with a horse whil
Shakespeare could be had. This was the firs
of better fortune. Shakespeare finding
horses put into his hands than he could hold
boys to wait under his inspection, who, whe
Shakespeare was summoned, were immediat
present themselves, *I am Shakespeare's boy*,
time, Shakespeare found higher employment
as long as the practice of riding to the play
continued, the waiters, that held the horses,
ed the appellation of *Shakespeare's boys*.'

The blind idolaters of Shakespeare have
great pains to bring discredit upon this ane
for, what would have been unworthy of
speare, they cannot think Shakespeare woul
consent to do. Dr. Johnson was one of the
lignant men, who, in relating anecdotes, do n
whether they are degrading,—but, if they b
A refugee from justice, let us observe, is
to think himself entitled to be very fastidious
choice of occupation; nor does a stranger,
less and destitute, in such a metropolis as L
esteem it beneath him to engage in any
business, which will keep him from starvati

vain to tell us now, that his two fathers were
thy enough to find him higher employment.
ne knows what they were worth; and, had
been worth millions, it could have been of no
ce to Shakespeare, immediately on his arrival
wn. When the biographers state, that Rowe
have disbelieved this story, since he did not
t it in his Account, they draw a conclusion,
e they are sure of the fact. Rowe has always
reproached for dealing in general narrative,
he might have given us pertinent details;
t is by no means certain, that he did not allude
s anecdote by the very expression, which has
ioned all this debate. Whatever was his rea-
or being so obscure, it certainly could not have
a want of faith in his informer; for, when he
s to relate an anecdote of Lord Southampton,
lls us, that, 'had he not been assured that the
was handed down by Sir William Davenant,
ould not have ventured to insert it.'

. Malone has given himself a good deal of
le to prove, that some of the players were na-
of Stratford, and would not be likely to see a
r-townsman labouring in so mean a vocation.
e were three players by the names of Heminges,
age, and Green; and Mr. Malone found the same
names in the registers of Stratford, and Shot-

All this might happen, however, without
ng, that the respective families were the
; and, even if the identity were conceded, it
l still remain a question, whether these play-
ere in a situation to assist Shakespeare, and
ner they had a disposition and an opportunity
it. The subordinate parts of a theatrical
any are generally filled; and it is always diffi-
for a new-comer to find immediate employ-
. But, to cut short this dispute, at once, Mr.
ns asserts, that there was no such thing as
g to the theatre on horseback. His only proof

is, that he found no mention of the practice in his researches for cotemporary fashions; and this negative evidence is opposed to the united suffrage of all the other biographers and commentators.

By what steps of promotion, the horse-holder was raised to an actor, it is impossible to ascertain; and, whether he acquitted himself on the stage as well as he did at the door, is another great subject of dispute. Aubrey says, that, 'being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, he came to London,—and was an actor at one of the play-houses, and did act exceedingly well.' Rowe tells us, on the contrary, that, 'though he had enquired, he could never meet with any other account of him in this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own Hamlet.' The later biographers, who will not believe, that Shakespeare ever did any thing badly, are resolved to give Aubrey's account the preference; and Mr. Malone, after a laborious research, provokes us with the boasted evidence of a cotemporary, which, though interpreted in his own way, and printed in italics and capitals, turns out to be nothing to the purpose.

The same Robert Green, who is said to have been so friendly to our poet, wrote a book, called a *Groat's-worth of Wit*, which was published by Chettle, after his death, and which contained some severe reflections upon Shakespeare and Marlowe. Chettle was obliged to write an *Apology* for his part in the business; and, without mentioning any names, he speaks of these two poets in the following terms: 'With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I ever be. The other,' &c. By inserting ('Marlowe') after 'one of them,' and ('Shakespeare') after 'the other,' the biographers contrive to make what follows relate to the latter. '*Myselfe*,' continues Chettle, '*have seene his demeanour no less civil than* HE IS EXCELLENT IN THE QUALITIES HE PRO-

FESSES. *Besides, divers of worship have reported the uprightness of his dealing, which argues his honestie, and his facetious grace in writing, which approves his art.'* If this refers to Shakespeare, of which we are by no means certain, it proves that he was upright in his dealings, facetious in his writings, and excellent in the qualities which he professed. So much no person will be disposed to deny. We have already seen, that he was excellent in the quality of horse-holder; and, we are willing to admit, that he was equally excellent in that of the Ghost.

But the other biographers are not contented with this plain interpretation. Dr. Drake tells us, that, 'the phrase *the qualities he professes*, peculiarly denoted at that time the profession of a player.' There is no evidence of such a peculiarity; and, we are afraid, this is one of those gratuitous statements, which are too often called in to assist a lame conclusion. If the word 'excellent' could only be made to refer to the profession generally, the common story of Shakespeare's inferiority as an actor, would, at once, be disproved. The meaning of the passage would then be, not that he performed well, the parts, which he thought it prudent to attempt,—but that he could perform well, any part, which he might choose to assume.

This conclusion is supposed to gain strength, if it can be shown, that he had an 'intimate knowledge of the histrionic art;'—as if we were disputing his knowledge of rules, and not his capacity of practice; or, as if a person may not be competent to teach others how a thing should be done, without being able to do it himself. Something, however, to the credit of Shakespeare, must be extracted from the story; and the last resort is, to maintain, that the Ghost in Hamlet requires 'skill and management!' The reader must judge, how far these proofs corroborate the statement of Aubrey. It certainly

requires corroboration; for he, who could tell us, that Shakespeare came to London from a 'natural inclination to poetry and acting,' was not likely to be well informed of his success in either of these departments. Rowe says, his own account was the result of inquiry; but there is no evidence of investigation in the statement of Aubrey.

Shakespeare tells us, that the *Venus and Adonis* was the 'first heir of his invention.' He is supposed to have written it between 1587 and 1589.* In 1593, it was dedicated to the earl of Southampton, the ready encourager of every liberal enterprise, and the munificent patron of all cotemporary authors. The stage was his sole delight, until he became acquainted with Elizabeth Vernon, the cousin of Lord Essex. Incurring the displeasure of the queen, by presuming to love without her privity, and to marry without her consent, an imprisonment of about four months made him ripe for the insurrection meditated by Essex in 1601. The evening before it was to break out, the conspirators solicited the manager of the Globe to play the *Deposition of King Richard II*; and, when told that it was an old play, and would not bring an audience, they overcame the objection, by throwing in a gratuity of forty shillings. Southampton was tried and condemned for treason, at the same time with Essex; but, as it was only necessary to destroy the ringleaders, the sentence of death was commuted into that of imprisonment in the Tower.

* After a great deal of research, and a tedious negotiation, Mr. Malone was enabled to procure a copy with the date of 1593. The title page is as follows:—

'VINDUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miratur Vulgus, mihi flavus Appollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

Loudon. By Richard Field, and are to be solde at the signe of the White Greyhound, in Paules Church Yard, 1593.'

King James released him in 1603; and, excepting one short fit of jealousy, continued to load him with honours, until he took part with the opposition. His passions were all ardent; and he only extricated himself from one quarrel to fall into another. On one occasion, while playing at tennis, a dispute arose betwixt himself and Lord Montgomery, and the two noble lords belaboured each other with their rackets. But, what gives his life an interest in this country, is, that he became a member of the Virginia Company, in 1609, and took a most active part in all the early attempts to settle the new world. In 1624, he procured posts for himself and his son in the continental army. Both were seized with a fever. The son was the first victim. The father died at Bergen-op-Zoom; and the bodies of both were conveyed in one small bark to Southampton.

There is reason to think, that Shakespeare did not mistake his policy in dedicating the *Venus and Adonis* to the earl of Southampton; and it has been said, indeed, that he once received, from his patron, a thousand pounds, in order to complete a purchase, which he had undertaken. He dedicated the *Rape of Lucrece* to the same lord; and we think it probable, from the language of the dedication, that the second heir of his invention was written, because he found so good a market for the first. It does not appear to have been produced by any higher inspiration; for, though it cannot be denied the merit of superior prolixity, it is as cold and languid as the other is fiery and animated. Both enjoyed great popularity in their day; though that of the first appears to have been the greatest. Both, however, gradually sunk into neglect; and the dates of the several editions afford us an instructive specimen of inverted celebrity:—1593–4–6—1600–2–7–17–20–30–40. The *Rape of Lucrece* enjoyed nearly the *same* popularity, and experienced a

similar decline. The dates of the editions are, 1594-6-8—1600-7-16-24-32.

Shakespeare's intellectual riches were now sufficiently known to draw the attention of the pirates. In 1599, there appeared, under his name, a farrago of sonnets, called the *Passionate Pilgrim*; some parts of which had been published anonymously; some were the acknowledged productions of other authors; and the rest had been written by our poet for the gratification of his private friends. The pamphlet was several times republished; and, though we are told by a cotemporary, that the collection was made without the knowledge of Shakespeare, who was very much offended with Mr. Juggard, the publisher, his duty certainly required something more than the manifestation of inactive displeasure. Some modern writers, indeed, have accused him of downright plagiarism; but the only fault, with which he can be justly charged, is, that he did not put a stop to an imposition, which so nearly concerned his own character. It should not have been left for Heywood to claim his two sonnets. They should have been disavowed by Shakespeare himself.

It had been hitherto supposed, that sonnets must necessarily be written upon mistresses. Such, at any rate, was the only use, to which Petrarch thought them appropriate; and he would undoubtedly have smiled to see Shakespeare inditing one hundred and twenty-six sonnets upon a young gentleman. They constitute more than three fourths of the whole number; and, though the dispute is past concerning the sex of the person, the biographers are still quarrelling about the name. The dedication is 'to the only begotten of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H.' Some have laboured hard to make this mean William Harte; and others have been equally strenuous in proving it to be William Heughs. Both supposed, that there could be no doubt

as to the meaning of the terms; but, by looking into a dictionary of 1616, Mr. Chalmers discovers, that one definition of *beget*, is to *bring forth;* and, as things may be brought forth in many different ways, he easily explains down the word to the signification of *obtaining* or *procuring*. Mr. W. H. therefore, has not the merit of begetting the sonnets in the poet's brain,—but of bringing them forth from his pockets or portfolio.

This deduction does not entirely please Dr. Drake; who hopes it will not be taken amiss, if he conjectures, that the obvious sense of the word should be retained; and that the subject and 'begetter' of these sonnets was no less a character than Lord Southampton. The first difficulty is, that seventeen successive sonnets are filled with arguments in favour of love and marriage; and it is well known, that the earl of Southampton had not the slightest aversion to either. 'To remove this apparent incongruity,' says the cautious dialectician, 'we have only to recollect, that his lordship's attachment to his mistress met with the most *decided and relentless opposition* from the queen; and there is every reason to infer, from the *voluntary* absences of the earl in the years 1597 and 1598, and the extreme distress of his mistress on these occasions, that the connection had been twice given up, on his part, in deference to the will of his capricious sovereign.'*

The power of italics will not make that a voluntary absence, which was occasioned by the displeasure of the queen; and, when Lord Southampton had twice exiled himself, and was then suffering martyrdom, for an ill-starred attachment, it is a strange way of removing incongruities, to represent Shakespeare as earnestly assuring him, that it was best, by all means, to love early, and marry young. Indeed,

* *Shak.* vol. ii. p. 64.

our author himself seems to think, that his conclusion is not entirely self-evident; and he accordingly seeks to corroborate it, by a species of argument, equally curious and original. 'If, says he, we merely admit the earl's having declared what every lover would be tempted to utter on the occasion, *that if he could not marry the object of his choice, he would die single*, a complete key will be given to what has hitherto proved inexplicable.' For our own parts we do not see the reason of the admission, nor the logic of the inference. There is no proof, that the earl made any such declaration; and, even if he had, it is not likely, that Shakespeare would have taken the petulant resolves of a disappointed lover for the settled principles of his future life. The reasons drawn from the internal evidence of the sonnets themselves, appear to us extremely inconclusive; and, in fine, we have read Dr. Drake's ten quarto pages, on this head, with rather an ungrateful resistance to his powers of ratiocination.

The only remaining article in Shakespeare's miscellaneous poetry, is his *Lover's Complaint*. The date of its first appearance is unknown; and, what is a little extraordinary, the biographers and commentators have found nothing connected with it, about which they could raise a dispute.

But this deficiency of controversial matter is abundantly supplied by the dubious authority of some, and the uncertain chronology, of almost all our author's dramas. The nature of our undertaking necessitates us to leave these disputes to those who have greater leisure, and can spare more room. We must be content to give a chronological table of our author's plays; and refer the reader to the second volume of Dr. Drake's book, for an abridgment of the discussion, as to their authenticity and time of appearance.*

* Vol. ii. p. 261, *et seq.*

TABLE.

Pericles,	1590
Comedy of Errors,	1591
Love's Labours Lost,	1591
King Henry VI. Part I.,	1592
King Henry VI. Part II.,	1592
Midsummer Night's Dream,	1593
Romeo and Juliet,	1593
Taming of the Shrew,	1594
Two Gentlemen of Verona,	1595
King Richard III.,	1595
King Richard II.,	1596
King Henry IV. Part I.,	1596
King Henry IV. Part II.,	1596
The Merchant of Venice,	1597
Hamlet,	1597
King John,	1598
All's Well that Ends Well,	1598
King Henry V.,	1599
Much Ado about Nothing,	1599
As You Like It,	1600
Merry Wives of Windsor,	1601
Troilus and Cressida,	1601
King Henry VIII.,	1602
Timon of Athens,	1602
Measure for Measure,	1603
King Lear,	1604
Cymbeline,	1605
Macbeth,	1606
Julius Cæsar,	1607
Antony and Cleopatra,	1608
Coriolanus,	1609
The Winter's Tale,	1610
The Tempest,	1611
Othello,	1612
Twelfth Night,	1613

e know little of Shakespeare's private life, e he resided in London. We learn from his ets, however, that the divinity of genius did at first, secure him from misfortune and calum- He commenced as actor at the Blackfriars

but was afterwards engaged at the Globe, of which he became a proprietor and manager. Mr. Malone thinks, he resided near the Bear-garden, in Southwark, in 1596. The following year is only remarkable for the loss of his only son Hamnet, or Hamlet, and the purchase of a new house at Stratford. In 1599, he is supposed to have visited Scotland. We are told, that, in that year, James solicited Elizabeth to send him a company of players; and, from the coincidence between the traditions at Dunsinnan, and the stories in Macbeth, Sir John Sinclair conjectures, that Shakespeare must have collected his materials upon the spot. This conjecture is curiously refuted by Mr. Stoddart; who says the tradition is more likely to be founded upon the play, than the play upon the tradition. It is not true, as the same author tells us, that Shakespeare 'uniformly' writes the name as if it were pronounced Dunsináne, and not, according to the local accent, Dunsinnan. The following passage is enough to show, that he accented it in both ways, according to the exigences of his metre:—

> Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
> Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
> Shall come against him.

During our author's residence in London, it was his custom to visit Stratford once a year; and his name is connected with some local event or circumstance in several of the villages, through which he was necessitated to pass. 'The humour of the constable (in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*) he happened to take,' says Aubrey, 'at Gredon, in Bucks, which is the roade from London to Stratford, and there was living that constable about 1642, when I first came to Oxon. Mr. Jos. Howe is of that parish, and knew him. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men dayly, wherever they came.'

In Oxford, he used to bate at the Crown-Inn,

kept by Mr. John Davenant, the father of the poet; whose wife is said to have been beautiful and accomplished, and who was himself a great lover of plays. These circumstances gave rise to a scandalous story, recorded by Wood, which Sir William Davenant was not ashamed to think an honour to his name. When Oldys repeats it, he adds an improvement, upon the authority of Betterton and Pope. 'Their son, young William Davenant,' says he, 'was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakespeare, that, whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day, an old townsman running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his *god*-father —Shakespeare. There's a good boy, said the other, but have a care that you don't take *God's* name in vaine.'

Shakespeare was in great favour at court, under the reigns of both Elizabeth and James. The former was particularly his friend; and it is to her we owe the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. She wished to see Falstaff in love; and, that nothing might be wanting to make the story a marvel, tradition adds, that he gratified her wishes in a fortnight. Nor was it with kings and queens only that he became a favourite. He enjoyed the friendship of all the learned and witty of his time; and was an active member of the celebrated club, that met at the Mermaid-Inn to exhilirate their spirits, and try their colloquial dexterity. Fuller speaks of the 'wit-combats' between Shakespeare and Jonson; and other authors, in order to complete the gratification of our curiosity, have furnished a list of their essays and repartees. They are in general not only supported by no authority,—but extremely improbable in themselves. We should, for instance, entertain a low opinion both of the wit and of the politeness

which reigned at the Mermaid, if the fol
anecdote is an authentic specimen: 'Mr. Be
son and Mr. William Shakespeare (it is writ
the Ashmole MS.) being merry at a taver
Jonson begins this for his epitaph,

> Here lies Ben Jonson,
> Who was once one,

he gives it to Mr. Shakespeare to make up
presently writes,

> That, while he liv'd, was a *slow* thing,
> And now, being dead, is a *no*-thing.'

There are two other anecdotes, which are
better, and more authentic. They are give
believe, upon the authority of Dr. Berken
who says, he took the first from a book called
tical Characteristics,' 8vo. MS. vol. i. some t
the Harlean library; which volume was retur
its owner.'

'Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare,
sioned by the motto in the Globe theatre—
Mundus agit Histrionem:

JONSON.

> If, but *stage-actors*, all the world displays,
> Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays.

SHAKESPEARE.

> Little, or much, of what we see, we do;
> We are all both *actors* and *spectators* too.'

'Whence I copied this letter,' says the sam
Berkenhurst,' I do not recollect; but I reme
that, at the time of transcribing it, I had no
of its authenticity:—

'FRIEND MARLE,

'I never longed for thy company more
last night; we were all very merry at the G

Ied Alleyn did not scruple to affirmin plea-
:o thy friend Will, that he had stolen his
: about the qualityes of an actor's excellen-
Hamlet hys tragedye, from conversations
ld which had passed between them, and
is given by Alleyn touching the subject.
peare did not take this talk in good sorte;
son put an end to the strife, wittylie remark-
s affair needeth no contentione; you stole it
ed, no doubt; do not marvel; have you not
n act times out of number?

G. PEEL.'

espeare is supposed to have quit the stage
:tor, in 1603, and to have spent the remain-
his time in writing plays, and managing the
f his theatre. His name is among the play-
Jonson's *Siganus*, which was acted in 1603;
among those of the *Fox*, which appeared
ars afterwards. This is the only evidence
ur predecessors have adduced; and to us it
to lend their supposition a very slender and
al support. Many biographers have given
:ronger reasons to prove a quarrel between
hor and Jonson; and, whether the fact be so
the supposition will equally account for the
: of his name as an actor in the *Fox*.
y be suggested, indeed, that he had already
l an independence, and stood no longer in
the gains derived from acting. In 1597, he
sed a house in Stratford, which he called
lace: in 1602, he added one hundred and
acres of adjoining land, for which he gave
nds: we find him, three years after, paying
nds, for a moiety of the great and small
f Stratford; and, in 1613, he purchased a
nt in Blackfriars, for which he paid down 80
, and mortgaged the premises for 60 more.
e confess, is sufficiently indicative of pro-

perity; but it is not always safe to conclude, that a man will forego insignificant gains, because he has grown tolerably rich; and it unfortunately happens, that there are, in the records of the Stratford court, two writs in William Shakespeare's name, for debts so 'small,' that the biographers seem ashamed to mention the amount.* It must be recollected, also, that two of the above purchases occurred after 1603; and, upon the whole, it may be well doubted, whether Shakespeare was yet sufficiently independent to abandon one of his sources of emolument.

It is evident, however, that, even at this contested date, he was preparing to quit the stage, not only as an actor,—but as a manager and a writer. He already began to deposit the foundations of a retreat in old age; and, about the year 1613, he wound up his concerns in London, and went to spend his last days where he had passed his first. His biographers have hardly done moralizing upon this event, when they are summoned to speculate upon another. On the 9th of July, 1614, a fire broke out in Stratford, which, in less than two hours, consumed fifty-four dwellings. Now, Shakespeare's house, in all probability, was just as combustible as any other; and, if 'the Genius of dramatic poetry sighed over his determination' to quit the stage, what would she have done, had his house been burnt to the ground?

We know not how he occupied his time at Stratford; but, whatever may be the notion of his biographers, he probably did not think it beneath him to superintend the cultivation of his farm. We do not see for what other reason, he should buy 107 acres of land; nor why, as we are told, he should, soon after his arrival, engage in a negociation for more. About the year 1614, according to Mr. Wheler, there was a design to inclose Welcombe-field, which was adjoining Shakespeare's place, and from which were drawn a portion of his tithes. He was,

* Drake, vol. ii. p. 600.

refore, doubly interested; and, from the mi-
es kept by Thomas Green, clerk of the corpora-
, it appears, that he was very anxious to effect
enclosure. Mr. Wheler has published some
racts from these minutes.
Jovis, 17. No. (1614). My cosen Shakspeare
ying yesterday to town, (London), I went to
him how he did. He told me, that they assured
they ment to enclose no further than the Gos
bush, and so upp straight (leaving out pt. of
Dyngles to the field), to the gate in Clopton
g and take in Salsbury's piece; that they mean
prile to svey. the land and then to gyve satis-
ion and not before: and he and Mr. Hall,
akespeare's son-in-law, probably present,) say
' think y^t will be nothing done at all.'
he negotiation continued for more than a month
er; but Shakespeare and his son-in-law were
t:—the corporation did nothing at all; and the
s remained open until 1774.
n the 25th of February, our author drew up his
; which was executed on the 25th of the fol-
ng month. He tells us, that he was then 'in
ect health;' and probably he did not dream
the event would so soon justify his precaution.
know not what his disorder was; nor when it
menced: but, in one little month from the ex-
ion of his will, it brought him to the grave. He
buried in Stratford church; and, as it seems to
been a practice to dig up corpses and deposit
in the charnel-house, he provided against
a violation of his own remains, by ordering a
stone to be laid over his grave, and inscribed
the following anathema:—

Good Frend for Jesus SAKE forbear
To diGG THE DVst EncloAsed HERe
Blese be THE Man $^{T}_{Y}$ spares THs stones
And curst be He $^{T}_{Y}$ moves my bones.

The author's friends seem to have thought, that he needed a more splendid monument, and a less damnatory epitaph; and one was accordingly erected about the year 1623. Beneath an arch, and between two Corinthian columns of black marble, a bust, which, tradition says, was taken from a cast after nature, represented the poet in a sitting posture, with a cushion spread before him, a pen in his right hand, and a scroll under the left. Upon the entablature, there are the Shakespeare arms, surmounted by a death's head, with an infant sitting on each side; the one on the right supporting a spade; that on the left, with closed eyes, resting the right hand upon a skull, and holding an inverted torch in the other. Below the cushion, there is a tablet with the following sorry inscription:—

Judicio Pylivm, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra regit, popvlus moeret, Olympos habet.

Stay passenger, why goest thou by so fast
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this Monument, Shakespeare; with whome
Quick natvre dide; whose name doth deck ys tombe
Far more than costs; sieth all yt. he hath writt,
Leaves living art, bvt page to serve his witt.
Obiit Ano. Doi. 1616. Ætatis 53. Die 23 Ap.

The bust abovementioned, like almost every thing else connected with Shakespeare, has been the occasion of some controversy. Britton supposes it to have been erected by the son-in-law, Dr. Hall; and neither he, nor Dugdale, nor Langbaine, has the least doubt, that it was intended for an accurate resemblance of our author's person. According to the fashion of the times, the likeness was completed with paint. The hands and face were of a flesh colour; the eyes of a light hazle; the hair and beard of auburn; and the doublet of scarlet, covered with a loose black gown, without sleeves.

In 1748, one hundred and twenty years after its erection, Mr. John Ward, the grandfather of Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, caused it to be repaired and repainted, from the profits of Othello for a night. In 1793, Mr. Malone thought it needed repairs of a different sort. The face, in his judgment, contained an expression of 'pertness;' and, to settle, at once, the question of resemblance, he caused the whole to be daubed over with two coats of white paint. We know not how he should conceive himself authorised to do such an act; and he could hardly have been disappointed, when he found it drew upon him the execration of all Shakespeare's idolaters. In the Album at Stratford church, Mr. Wheler found the following epigram:—

> Stranger, to whom this Monument is shown,
> Invoke the poet's curses on Malone;
> Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays,
> And daubs his tomb-stone, as he marr'd his Plays.

The house of our author fell into hands still more barbarous. It was originally built by Sir Hugh Clopton, in the time of Henry VII.; and, about a hundred years after Shakespeare's death, it came into the possession of a second Sir Hugh Clopton, who modernized it, both inside and out. When he died, about the year 1750, his executors sold the place to a Reverend Francis Gastrill, vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire; who would have better consulted his own peace and good name, had he remained where he was. In 1609, king James, in order to introduce the manufacture of silk, imported, from the continent, many hundred thousands of mulberry-trees. Shakespeare procured one, and is said to have planted it with his own hands. After his death, it became an object of curiosity; and every person, who came to view the house, must be shown the mulberry tree. These calls at last grew troublesome

to the Reverend Mr. Gastrill; and, to prevent future vexation, and take revenge for the past, he caused the tree to be hewn down and cut into fire wood. The greater part, however, was soon after purchased by a neighbouring watch-maker; who turned all the fragments to profitable use, by making them into small bowls, goblets, tooth-pick cases, tobacco-stoppers, and so forth. The reverend proprietor next became weary of paying the poor's rates upon a house in Stratford, when he resided a part of the year in Litchfield. He, therefore, took another short cut to rid himself of this burthen. He razed New Place to the ground; sold the materials; and left Stratford amidst the execrations of its inhabitants.

Shakespeare was a 'handsome well shaped man, (says Aubrey) very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant and smooth wit.' His fellow comedians praise him equally for 'imitating' and 'expressing' nature; and the works of all the cotemporary poets are replete with admiration, almost idolatrous, of his amiable manners and inexhaustable wit. Praise from such a source can hardly be suspected of impartiality; for the oldest of our poets has not only classed his brethren with paupers,—but says they are noted for their envy of each other:—

> Καὶ πτωχὸς πτωχῷ φθονέει, καὶ ἀοιδὸς ἀοιδῷ.
>
> Hesiod.

Shakespeare had one son, and two daughters. Susanna, his eldest and favourite child, was married to Dr. John Hall, a physician; and died in 1649, at the age of 56. Her daughter, and only child, was married first to a Mr. Thomas Nashe, and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abington; by neither of whom had she any issue. Hammet, the son, and Judeth, the second daughter, were twins. The former died at the age of 12, in 1596. The latter was married

to one Mr. Thomas Quincy; by whom she had three sons, who all died without issue: and she died herself in 1662, at the age of 77.

It is now the fashion to speak with contempt of Shakespeare's minor poems. We are far from thinking, that they merit all the praise bestowed upon them by cotemporary readers; and quite as far from thinking, that they deserve all the neglect which they have experienced by posterity. The *Venus and Adonis*, in particular, may be considered as the first rank product of a mind, which, for the variety and excellence of its fruits, has never been surpassed, either in ancient or modern times; of a mind which seems to have pervaded the whole creation; which not only sympathised with all the human race,—but entered into the feelings of brute animals, and even makes thought and sensation appropriate to inanimate objects. This poem would furnish us with illustrations of all Shakespeare's most prominent characteristics:—his love of contrast; his masterly skill in human passions; his fidelity in the description of external nature, and his peculiar felicity in the choice of appropriate language. It was written, however, in the season of youth, when the brain is hot and feverish. Its licentiousness was once its greatest recommendation; but it has now sunk into comparative obscurity; and, so long as we are concerned for the interests of morality, we cannot wish, that it may again become popular.

The *Rape of Lucrece* is a much longer, and a much duller, production. It may have been intended as an antedote to *Venus and Adonis*; but the poison is as delicious as the antedote is insipid; and thousands would swallow the one, who could scarcely be made to taste the other. The *Lover's Complaint*, and the *Passionate Pilgrim*, are written with more spirit; and many of the *Sonnets* have considerable smoothness of versification, and brilliancy of thought.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Poeula Castalia plena ministrat aqua.

Ovid.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

'N as the Sun with purple colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
ıe-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
k-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
l like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

'hrice fairer than myself," thus she began,
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
in to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
Iore white and red than doves or roses are;
ure that made thee, with herself at strife,
:h, that the world hath ending with thy life.

ouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
.nd rein his proud head to the saddle bow;
ıou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
. thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
e come and sit, where serpent never hisses,
l, being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

nd yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
ut rather famish them amid their plenty,
ting them red and pale with fresh variety;
'en kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
ımmer's day will seem an hour but short,
ng wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palm,
  The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
  Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
  Under the other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
  With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She, red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
  Nimbly she fastens, (O how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
  To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
  Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
  And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
  Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
  To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He says, she is immodest, blames her 'miss;
What follows more, she smothers with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
  Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
  Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
  Panting he lies, and breathing in her face;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
  And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
  So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
  Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
  For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
  'Twixt crimson shame and anger, ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and, being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
  And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
  Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet,
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
  Like a di-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
  So suffers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
  More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
  She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn:
"Oh pity," 'gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy;
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
  Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
  Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shall have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
  His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
  To coy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus him that over-rul'd, I oversway'd,
  Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
  Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mast'ring her that foil'd the god of fight.

" Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine :—
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

" Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there be but twain,
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

" The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be tasted;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

" Were I hard favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

" Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
  Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
  Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie; [me;
  These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
  From morn till night, even where I list to sport me;
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
  Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
  Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narcissus so, himself himself forsook,
And dy'd to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
  Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
  Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breadeth beau-
Thou wert begot—to get it is thy duty. [ty.

"Upon the Earth's increase why should'st thou feed,
  Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of Nature thou art born to breed,
  That thine may live when thou thyself art dead:
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
  For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
  With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
  And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
  Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie! no more of love;
The Sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ah me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind!
  What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
  Shall cool the heat of this descending Sun;
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

"The sun that shines from Heaven shines but warm,
  And lo, I lie between that sun and thee;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
  Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly Sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
  Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth;
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
  What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,
She *had not brought forth* thee, but died unkind.

"What am I, that thou should'st contemn me thus?
  Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
  Speak fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute.
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
  Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
  Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
  And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
  Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
  Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms enfold him like a band;
  She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers, one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee
  Within the circuit of this ivory pale, [here,
I'll be the park, and thou shalt be my deer:
  Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;
Then be my dear, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round-enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking:
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
"Pity," she cries; "some favour—some remorse—"
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will I know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it:
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk," quoth she, "hast thou a tongue?
O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Earth's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;

Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
  Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
  And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
  Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breatheth love by
smelling.

"But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
  Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
  And bid Suspicion double-lock the door?
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast."

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
  Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
  Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
  Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
  Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
  For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth.
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
  But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
  For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
  Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
  He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard;
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
  To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd;
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
  Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair Sun, when in his fresh array
  He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright Sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye,

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
  As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
  Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the *Moon, in* water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she, "in Earth or Heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

"O thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
Oh, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?

Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years;
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears;
The mellow plumb doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or, being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, *'tis very late;*
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
The coal-black clouds that shadow Heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say good night, and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good night," quoth she; and ere he says adieu,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glew'd) fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught her yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;

Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
  Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
  With blind-fold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
  And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
  Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,
  Or like the froward infant, still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,
  And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
  Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O had she then gave over,
  Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
  What though the rose have pricks? yet is it pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
  The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
  Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,
  For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
  Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the [match?"
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
  Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,
  And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
  Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
  He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
  Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
  As those poor birds that helpless berries saw:

The warm effects which she in him finds missing.
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain: good queen, it will not be;
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
"Fie, fie!" he says, "you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy ere this,
But that thou told'st me, thou would'st hunt th[illegible] [boar
O be advis'd; thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes, never-sheath'd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms shine when he doth fret
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas! he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eye pays tributary gazes;

et him keep his loathsome cabin still;
uty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.
not within his danger by thy will;
y that thrive well, take counsel of their friends.
thou did'st name the boar, not to dissemble,
d thy fortune, and my joints did trenble.

t thou not mark my face? was it not white?
'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
I not faint? And fell I not downright?
hin my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
ding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
ke an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

where love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
h call himself affection's centinel;
false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
l in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill!*
np'ring gentle love with his desire,

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That trembling at th' imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed?
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
Or at a roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch to overshut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometimes he runs among the flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;

ıometime sorteth with a herd of deer;
:r deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

there his smell with others being mingled,
: hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
ıg their clamorous cry till they have singled
h much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
ınother chase were in the skies.

:his, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
ıds on his hinder legs with listening ear,
arken if his foes pursue him still;
ın their loud alarums he doth hear;
ow his grief may be compared well
e sore-sick, that hears the passing bell.

n shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
n, and return, indenting with the way;
envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
h shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay
isery is trodden on by many,
ɔeing low, never reliev'd by any.

quietly, and hear a little more;
, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise
ıke thee hate the hunting of the boar,
ıke thyself, thou hear'st me moralize,
ing this to that, and so to so;
ve can comment upon every woe.

:re did I leave?"—"No matter where,"
quoth he;
eave me, and then the story aptly ends;

The night is spent." "Why, what of that?" quoth
she;
"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends,
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall."—
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The Earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make rich men thieves; so do thy lip
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

"Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from Heaven that were di
vine,
Wherein she fram'd thee in high Heaven's despite
To shame the Sun by day, and her by night.

"And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of sad mischances and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, impostumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies,
  But in one minute's sight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
  Whereat th' imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day Sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
  Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the Earth would breed a scarcity,
  And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
  Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
  If thou destroy them not in their obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;
  A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do [slay,
  Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that 's put to use, more gold begets.

"Nay then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
  Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
  And all in vain you strive against the str
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul
Your treatise makes me like you worse a

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

"Call it not love, for Love to Heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on Earth usurps his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth, like sun-shine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
  The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness now I will away;
  My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
  Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawns runs apace;
  Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
  Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
  Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
  Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
  Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
  That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming trou-
Make verbal repetition of her moans; [bled,
  Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:

"Ah me!" she cries, and twenty times, "wo
woe!"
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old me
dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seemir
short:
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds, resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters, answering every call
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She said, "'t is so:" they answer all, "'t is so:"
And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver bres
The Sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good morrow:
  "O thou clear god, and patron of all light, [row
From whom each lamp and shining star doth bor-
  The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
  Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
  She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
  Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
  She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,
  Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
  The fear whereof doth make him shake and shud-
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds [der:
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
  But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
  Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
  Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
  With cold pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
  Till, cheering up her senses sore-dismay'd,
She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
  And childish error that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more;—
And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
  Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
  Which madly hurries her she knows not whither;
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
  She treads the paths that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
  Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
  And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
  'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another, sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks; and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
  Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice;
  Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed,
  At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
  Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
  Hateful divorce of love," thus chides she Death;
"Grim-grinning ghost, Earth's worm, what dost thou mean
  To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

"If he be dead—O no, it cannot be,
  Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
  But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
  And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
  They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower.
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such
weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She veil'd her eye-lids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving which should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

hereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass
:t sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pa
› wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
ho is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
ıy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
ıe one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
ith likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

›w she unweaves the web that she had wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
was not she that call'd him all to naught;
Now she adds honour to his hateful name;
· clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
erial supreme of all mortal things.

, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;
t pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
ı as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
ich knows no pity, but is still severe;
gentle shadow, (truth I must confess)
! on thee, fearing my love's decease.

ıot my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
reak'd on him, invisible commander;
foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
ıut act, he's author of thy slander;
h two tongues, and never woman yet
e them both, without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
  Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
  With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I,
  To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
  Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond Love, thou art so full of fear,
  As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
  Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
  The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
  The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
  Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
  Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head,

re they resign'd their office and their light
the disposing of her troubled brain;
bids them still consort with ugly night,
d never wound the heart with looks again;
, like a king perplexed in his throne,
eir suggestion gives a deadly groan.

eat each tributary subject quakes;
when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
gling for passage, Earth's foundation shakes,
ich with cold terrors doth men's mind con-
mutiny each part doth so surprise, [found:
from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes;

being open'd, threw unwilling sight
on the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
soft flank; whose wonted lily white
th purple tears, that his wound wept, was
drench'd:
ower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
tole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
r one shoulder doth she hang her head;
ly she passions, frantically she doteth;
thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
oice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
yes are mad that they have wept till now.

his hurt she looks so stedfastly, [three;
t her sight dazzling makes the wound seem
hen she reprehends her mangling eye, [be:
t makes more gashes where no breach should
ce seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
ft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes, as fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

"Bonnet or veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor Sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The Sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss
But when Adonis liv'd, Sun and sharp air [you.
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair;

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy Sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep:
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

"To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear
To recreate himself, when he hath sung, [him;
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

:n he beheld his shadow in the brook,
: fishes spread on it their golden gills;
he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
t some would sing, some other in their bills
l bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
l them with his sight, they him with berries.

this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
ose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
ness the entertainment that he gave;
lid see his face, why then I know,
ught to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;
an upon the boar with his sharp spear,
would not whet his teeth at him again,
by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
izzling in his flank, the loving swine
'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin.

I been tooth'd like him, I must confess
kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
is dead, and never did he bless
outh with his; the more I am accurs'd."
his she falleth in the place she stood,
ains her face with his congealed blood.

oks upon his lips, and they are pale;
takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
ispers in his ear a heavy tale,
he heard the woeful words she told:
s the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies.

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
  A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
  And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
  Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
  Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, too high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
  And shall be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
  With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
  Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
  Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures.
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
  It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
  And most deceiving, when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
  And set dissention 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
  As dry combustious matter is to fire;
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their love shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
  Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
  A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white;
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
  Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
  Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise,
  (Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire)
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
  To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
  Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
  My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:

There shall not be one minute of an hour,
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus, weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

THE

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

HE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; hereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a perfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untured lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater: meanwhile, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finally Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent, and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

THE

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of *chaste* unhapp'ly set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as Heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the Heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the Sun!
An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apology be made
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men sho
vaunt
The golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows ol

Vhen at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Vell was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Vithin whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Vhich of them both should underprop her fame:
Vhen virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
Vhen beauty boasted blushes, in despite
'irtue would stain that or with silver white.

lut beauty, in that white intituled,
'rom Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
'hen virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Vhich virtue gave the golden age, to gild
'heir silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
'eaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
Vhen shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

'his heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
rgued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.
f either's colour was the other queen,
roving from world's minority their right:
et their ambition makes them still to fight;
he sovereignty of either being so great,
hat oft they interchange each other's seat.

'his silent war of lilies and of roses
'hich Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
 their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
'here, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
'he coward captive vanquished doth yield
'o those two armies that would let him go,
ather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never limb'd no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secresies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books;
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy:

And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets Heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight:
And every one to rest himself betakes, [wakes.
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving, [ing:
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstain-
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not (that which they possess)
They scatter and unloose it from their bond.

And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waining age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour, in fell battle's rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill, we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doating Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself, himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries:
Now serves the season that they may surprise

The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
"As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here, pale with fear, he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine!
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine!
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

"O shame to knighthood and to shining ar
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me, how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy:
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?
Or sells eternity, to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

'O what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed!

Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife;
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"*Shameful it is;*—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love;—*but she is not her own:*
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band

Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

"And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

"Then childish fear avaunt! debating die!
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which as servitors to the unjust,

So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which, once corrupted, takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies;
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks:
As who should say, "This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haste;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing,
Pain pays the income of each precious thing; [sands,
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber door
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the Heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power,

That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Ev'n there he starts:—quoth he, "I must deflower;
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of Heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide:
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied,
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside;
But she, found sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watchword to his hand full soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver Moon.

Look as the fair and fiery-pointed Sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun

To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed:
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill!
Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality.
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,

ıs if between them twain there were no strife,
ıut that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Ier breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
ı pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
ave of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
ınd him by oath they truly honoured.
'hese worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Vho, like a foul usurper, went about
'rom this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
ınd in his will his wilful eye he tired.
Vith more than admiration he admired
Ier azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Ier coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

ıs the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
harp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
o o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
Iis rage of lust by gazing qualified;
lack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
Iis eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
'nto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

ınd they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
ıbdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
ı bloody death and ravishment delighting,
'or children's tears, nor mother's groans respecting,
well in their pride, the onset still expecting:
non his beating heart, alarum striking,
ives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and control'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights

His hand that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!)

May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace)
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;

I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which like a faulcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under the insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowl hear faulcons' bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,

ıy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
ıd thou, the author of their obloquy,
ıall have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
ıd sung by children in succeeding times.

3ut if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
ıe fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
little harm, done to a great good end,
ır lawful policy remains enacted.
ıe poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
a pure compound; being so applied,
s venom in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband's and thy children's sake,
:nder my suit: bequeath not to their lot
ıe shame that from them no device can take,
ıe blemish that will never be forgot;
orse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot:
r marks descried in men's nativity
e Nature's faults, not their own infamy."

:re with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
: rouseth up himself, and makes a pause,
hile she, the picture of pure piety,
ke a white hind under the grype's sharp claws,
:ads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
r aught obeys but his foul appetite.

ok, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,
ɔm earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
ıich blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
ndering their present fall by this dividing;

So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that ev'n in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining;
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By Heaven and Earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended:
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me.
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me:
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave
thee.
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans;

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of Heaven I complain me, [name.
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
O be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then king's misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

"And wilt thou be the school where lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-lived laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou did'st teach the way?

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier;

for exil'd majesty's repeal;
him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
rue respect will 'prison false desire,
wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

ve done," quoth he; "my uncontrolled tide
is not, but swells the higher by this let.
l lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
with the wind in greater fury fret:
petty streams that pay a daily debt
ieir salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
to his flow, but alter not his taste."

ou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;
lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
c lust, dishonour, shame misgoverning,
seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
these petty ills shall change thy good,
sea within a puddle's womb is hersed,
not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
nobly base, they basely dignified;
their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
lesser thing should not the greater hide;
cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
ow shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—"
more," quoth he, "by Heaven I will not hear
to my love; if not, enforced hate, (thee:

Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries,
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd,
Entombs her outcry in her lips sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again.
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:

taste delicious, in digestion souring,
ours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

:eper sin than bottomless conceit
comprehend in still imagination!
nken desire must vomit his receipt,
he can see his own abomination.
le lust is in his pride, no exclamation
curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
ı heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
ɔle desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
: to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
there it revels; and when that decays,
guilty rebel for remission prays.

ares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
ɔ this accomplishment so hotly chased;
now against himself he sounds his doom,
t through the length of times he stands disgraced:
des, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
ısk the spotted princess how she fares.

says, her subjects, with foul insurrection,
e batter'd down her consecrated wall,
by their mortal fault brought in subjection
immortality, and made her thrall
iving death, and pain perpetual:
ch in her prescience she controlled still,
her fore-sight could not fore-stall their will.

Even in his thought, through the dark night he [stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a theevish dog, creeps sadly thence,
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scouls, and hates himself for his offence,
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd, delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeless cast-away:
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day:
"For day," quoth she, "night-scapes doth open lay;
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloke offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,

bids it leap from thence, where it may find
e purer chest, to close so pure a mind.
tic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
nst the unseen secresy of night.

omfort-killing Night, image of Hell!
register and notary of shame!
t stage for tragedies and murders fell!
sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
l muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
cave of death, whispering conspirator
close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

ateful, vaporous and foggy Night,
thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
er thy mists to meet the eastern light,
war against proportion'd course of time!
thou wilt permit the Sun to climb
onted height, yet, ere he go to bed,
poisonous clouds about his golden head.

th rotten damps ravish the morning air;
heir exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
life of purity, the supreme fair,
e arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
let thy misty vapours march so thick,
in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
et at noon, and make perpetual night.

re Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child,)
ilver-shining queen he would distain;
winkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
ugh night's black bosom should not peep again;
ould I have copartners in my pain:

And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

"Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloke
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepùlcher'd in thy shade!

"Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
The light will show, charàcter'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

"Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talked of virtue:—O unlook'd for evil,
When virtue is prophan'd in such a devil!

"Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?

Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

" The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

" So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

" Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring; [ers:
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flow-
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

" O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;

Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee?
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

" When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

" Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

" Mishapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, Sin's pack-horse, Virtue's snare
Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.
O hear me then, injurious shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

" Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up error by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

ıe's glory is to calm contending kings,
ımask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
amp the seal of time in aged things,
ake the morn, and centinel the night,
rong the wronger till he render right;
inate proud buildings with thy hours,
mear with dust their glittering golden towers:

fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
ed oblivion with decay of things,
ot old books, and alter their contents,
uck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
y the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
oil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
urn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel:

show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
ake the child a man, the man a child,
ıy the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
me the unicorn and lion wild;
ock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
ıeer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
vaste huge stones with little water-drops.

y work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
s thou could'st return to make amends?
oor retiring minute in an age
d purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
ıng him wit, that to bad debtors lends:
s dread night, would'st thou one hour come
back,
ld prevent this storm, and shun this wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And led mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave;
And time to see one that by alms doth live,
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort:
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

" O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill! [spill:
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

" The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate;
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The Moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

" The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted whereso'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

" Out idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

" In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at *Tarquin*, and uncheerful Night;

In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth
To find some desperate instrument of death.
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth
As smoke from Etna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

"O! that is gone, for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give

'e of fame to slander's livery;
ʒ life to living infamy;
elpless help, the treasure stolen away,
n the guiltless casket where it lay!

well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
ined taste of violated troth;
ot wrong thy true affection so,
er thee with an infringed oath;
stard graff shall never come to growth:
l not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
ou art doting father of his fruit.

hall he smile at thee in secret thought,
gh with his companions at thy state;
u shalt know thy interest was not bought
with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
, I am the mistress of my fate,
th my trespass never will dispense,
: to death acquit my forc'd offence.

not poison thee with my attaint,
l my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
le ground of sin I will not paint,
: the truth of this false night's abuses:
gue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
ush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

, lamenting Philomel had ended
ll-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
lemn night with slow-sad gait descended

To ugly Hell; when lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping:
To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what 's done by night."

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees,
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear him mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 't is mad, and too much talk affords.

: little birds that tune their morning's joy,
:e her moans mad with their sweet melody.
mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
souls are slain in merry company;
:f best is pleas'd with grief's society:
e sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
en with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

double death to drown in ken of shore;
ten times pines, that pines beholding food;
ıee the salve doth make the wound ache more;
ıt grief grieves most at that would do it good;
p woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
ı, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows:
f dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

ıu mocking-birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb
ıin your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts!
in my hearing be you mute and dumb!
restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
ıful hostess brooks not merry guests:)
h your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
ess likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

me, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
: thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair.
ıe dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
at each sad strain will strain a tear,
with deep groans the diapason bear:
ırthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
e thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill.

d whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
eep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,

To imitate thee well, against my heart,
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

"As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and Death Reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine.
Whose love of either to myself were nearer?
When both were kept for Heaven and Collatine.

Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly ingirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

"Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my testament.

"My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonoured life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so

" This brief abridgement of my will I make :
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do you take;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives, disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

" Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen, that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, *so be it.*
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when Sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery;)
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the Sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye:

Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts:

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveighs against the wither'd flower,
But chides rough winter that the flower hath kill'd!
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O let it not be hild
Poor women's *faults*, that they are so fulfill'd

With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are rai
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining, [ing
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went,"—and there she stay'
Till after a deep groan—"Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," reply'd the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself were stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O peace!" quoth Lucrece; "if it should be told
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a Hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say?—One of my husband's men,
Bid thou be ready, by-and-by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visit me:
So I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood hath stain'd her stain'd excuse

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;

When sighs, and groans, and tears, may grace the [fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord with more than haste:
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
Speed more than speed, but dull and slow she deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curt'sies to her low;
And blushing on her, with a stedfast eye
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie,
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When, silly groom, God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
ıt two red fires in both their faces blazed;
: thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
l, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
r earnest eye did make him more amazed:
: more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
: more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

: long she thinks till he return again,
l yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
: weary time she cannot entertain,
· now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
ıt she her plaints a little while doth stay,
ısing for means to mourn some newer way.

last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
ore the which is drawn the power of Greece,
: Helen's rape the city to destroy,
reatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
ıich the conceited painter drew so proud,
Heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

housand lamentable objects there,
ıcorn of Nature, art gave lifeless life:
ny a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
:d for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
e red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;
d dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
:e dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

ere might you see the labouring pioneer
grim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;

And from the towers of Troy there wo
The very eyes of men through loophol
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lus
Such sweet observance in this work w
That one might see those far-off eyes l

In great commanders grace and majest
You might behold triumphing in their
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interla
Pale cowards, marching on with tremb
Which heartless peasants did so well r
That one would swear he saw them
tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'cipher'd either's he
Their face their manners most express
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour ro
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses le
Show'd deep regard and smiling gover

There pleading might you see grave N
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fi
Making such sober action with his hanc
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silve
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up

About him were a press of gaping face
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound

ointly listening, but with several graces,
' some mermaid did their ears entice;
: high, some low, the painter was so nice:
scalps of many, almost hid behind,
ump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

: one man's hand lean'd on another's head
ose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
: one being throng'd bears back, all blown and
red;
her, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
ut for loss of Nestor's golden words,
em'd they would debate with angry swords.

much imaginary work was there;
:eit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
for Achilles' image stood his spear,
'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
nd, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
d for the whole to be imagined.

from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
n their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to
d many Trojan mothers, sharing joy [field,
ee their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
to their hope they such odd action yield,
, through their light joy, seemed to appear
e bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

, from the strond of Dardan where they fought,
imois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
se waves to imitate the battle sought

With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and then
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomis'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;

And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds;
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell

To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth
borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content:
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,

And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their
faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill;
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,
That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile
(She would have said) "*can lurk in such a look;*"
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, *can lurk* from *cannot* took;
"*It cannot be* she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

For ev'n as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted)
To me came Tarquin arm'd; so beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:

Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless Hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er; [sore."
"Fool! fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

· the mindful messenger, come back,
ıome his lord and other company;
ds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
ıd about her tear-distained eye
cles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
ater-galls in her dim element
new storms to those already spent.

vhen her sad-beholding husband saw,
ly in her sad face he stares:
s, though sad in tears, look'd red and raw,
ly colour kill'd with deadly cares.
no power to ask her how she fares,
d, like old acquaintance in a trance,
from home, wondering each other's chance

ıe takes her by the bloodless hand,
s begins: "What uncouth ill event
e befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
ove, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
thou thus attir'd in discontent?
, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
l thy grief, that we may give redress."

imes with sighs she gives her sorrows fire,
e she can discharge one word of woe:
h address'd to answer his desire,
lestly prepares to let them know
our is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
Collatine and his consorted lords
l attention long to hear her words.

w this pale swan in her watery nest
he sad dirge of her certain ending

"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say;—
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cry'd, 'Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"'For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,' quoth [he,
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,

I should not live to speak another word:
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade by tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

"O teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice dam'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste;
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:

Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make
To push grief on, and back the sam

Which speechless woe of his, poor
And this untimely frenzy thus awak
" Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorro
Another power; no flood by raining
My woe too sensible thy passion mal
More feeling painful: let it then suf
To drown one woe, one pair of wee

" And for my sake, when I might ch
For she that was thy Lucrece—now
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou
From what is past: the help that tho
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

" But ere I name him, you, fair lords
(Speaking to those that came with C
" Shall plight your honourable faiths
With swift pursuit to venge this wro
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful a
Knights, by their oaths, should righ

At this request, with noble dispositio
Each present lord began to promise
As bound in knighthood to her impo
Longing to hear the hateful foe bew
But she, that yet her sad task hath n
The protestation stops. " O speak,"
" How may this forced stain be wip'd

at is the quality of mine offence,
; constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
ny pure mind with the foul act dispense,
w-declined honour to advance?
ny terms acquit me from this chance?
oison'd fountain clears itself again;
vhy not I from this compelled stain?"

this, they all at once began to say,
ody's stain her mind untainted clears;
: with a joyless smile she turns away
ace, that map which deep impression bears
rd misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
no," quoth she, "no dame hereafter living,
y excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

with a sigh, as if her heart would break [says,
hrows forth Tarquin's name: "*He, he,*" she
ore than *he* her poor tongue could not speak;
'ter many accents and delays,
ely breathings, sick and short assays,
tters this: "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
guides this hand to give this wound to me."

ere she sheathed in her harmless breast
mful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
low did bail it from the deep unrest
t polluted prison where it breathed:
ontrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
inged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Collatine and all his lordly crew;

Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine, which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,

vs me a bare-bon'd death, by time outworn;
om thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!
shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
I no more can see what once I was.

ime cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
ey surcease to be that should survive.
rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
old bees die, the young possess their hive;
ı live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
father die, and not thy father thee!"

ıis starts Collatine as from a dream,
bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
ılls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
counterfeits to die with her a space;
manly shame bids him possess his breath,
live to be revenged on her death.

deep vexation of his inward soul
. serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
, mad that sorrow should his use control,
eep him from heart-easing words so long,
ns to talk: but through his lips do throng
k words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
no man could distinguish what he said.

ıometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
. back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
ıst it rains, and busy winds give o'er:

Then son and father weep with equal strif
Who should weep most for daughter or fo

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they la
The father says, "She's mine:" "O mine
Replies her husband: "Do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that li
Which she too early and too late hath spil
"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was
I owed her, and 'tis mine that he hath kill
My daughter and *my wife* with clamours fil
The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' l
Answer'd their cries, *my daughter and my*

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucre
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's sho
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sporting words, and uttering foolish t

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to schoo

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

"Now by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood, so unjustly stained,
By Heaven's fair Sun, that breeds the fat Earth's store,
By all our country's rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did him words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show the bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

SONNETS.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER

OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,

MR. W. H.

ALL HAPPINESS AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED

BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET

WISHETH THE WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER

IN SETTING FORTH,

T. T.

SONNETS.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy,
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to anoth
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming
Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove no

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow's
In one of thine, from that which thou departes
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestc
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth
vertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world
Let those whom Nature hath not made for sto
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look whom she best endow'd, she gave the n
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in b
cherish:
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant therel
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy d

When I do count the clock that tells the time
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,

ıd summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
rne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
ıen of thy beauty do I question make,
at thou among the wastes of time must go,
ıce sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
d die as fast as they see others grow;
d nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
ve breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

ıLL I compare thee to a summer's day?
ou art more lovely and more temperate.
ıgh winds do shake the darling buds of May,
d summer's lease hath all too short a date:
netime too hot the eye of Heaven shines,
d often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
d every fair from fair sometime declines,
chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
thy eternal summer shall not fade,
lose possession of that fair thou owest;
shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
en in eternal lines to time thou growest:
long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

---

ovrins Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
l make the Earth devour her own sweet brood;
k the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
l burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;

Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

So is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who Heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With Sun and Moon, with earth and sea's rich;
With April's first-born flowers, and all things
That Heaven's air in this huge rondure hems
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in Heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.

that beauty that doth cover thee,
ıe seemly raiment of my heart,
.n thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
n I then be elder than thou art?
fore, love, be of thyself so wary,
: for myself, but for thee will;
thy heart, which I will keep so chary
er nurse her babe from faring ill.
ɛ not on thy heart when mine is slain;
ıv'st me thine, not to give back again.

---

nperfect actor on the stage,
th his fear is put beside his part,
: fierce thing replete with too much rage,
trength's abundance weakens his own heart;
: fear of trust, forget to say
fect ceremony of love's rite,
mine own love's strength seem to decay,
rg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
y books be then the eloquence
mb presagers of my speaking breast;
ead for love, and look for recompense,
ıan that tongue that more hath more ex-
to read what silent love hath writ: [press'd.
· with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

---

se who are in favour with their stars,
ic honour and proud titles boast,
l, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
d for joy in that I honour most.

Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the Sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour rased quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see.
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?

ch, though enemies to either's reign,
consent shake hands to torture me,
e by toil, the other to complain
r I toil, still further off from thee.
e day, to please him, thou art bright,
st him grace when clouds do blot the Hea-
er I the swart-complexion'd night: [ven:
sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the
y doth daily draw my sorrows longer, [even.
ght doth nightly make grief's length seem
stronger.

---

in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
one beweep my outcast state,
ouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
ok upon myself, and curse my fate,
g me like to one more rich in hope,
'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
g this man's art, and that man's scope,
what I most enjoy contented least;
these thoughts myself almost despising,
I think on thee—and then my state
to the lark at break of day arising
sullen Earth) sings hymns at Heaven's gate;
y sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
hen I scorn to change my state with kings.

---

nany a glorious morning have I seen
the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
g with golden face the meadows green,
g pale streams with heavenly alchymy;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my Sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me no
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when Heaven's
staineth.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou bre
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgra
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sh
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.

.le thou art, and therefore to be won,
iteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
when a woman woos, what woman's son
sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
ne! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear,
chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
) lead thee in their riot even there
:re thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;
a, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
ie, by thy beauty being false to me.

---

e dull substance of my flesh were thought,
ious distance should not stop my way;
then, despite of space, I would be brought
n limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
natter then, although my foot did stand
1 the furthest earth remov'd from thee,
nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
oon as think the place where he would be.
ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,
eap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
that so much of earth and water wrought,
st attend time's leisure with my moan;
iving nought by elements so slow
heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

---

heavy do I journey on the way,
n what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
teach that ease and that repose to say,
us far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"

The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from the
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds disclo
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours mad
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your tru

SIN of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart

inks no face so gracious is as mine,
ıape so true, no truth of such account,
for myself mine own worth do define,
ıll other in all worths surmount.
/hen my glass shows me myself indeed,
d and chopp'd with tan'd antiquity,
own self-love quite contrary I read,
o self-loving were iniquity.
hee (myself) that for myself I praise,
ing my age with beauty of thy days.

ı I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
ich proud cost of out-worn bury'd age;
ı sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
›rass eternal slave to mortal rage;
ı I have seen the hungry ocean gain
ntage on the kingdom of the shore,
:he firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
ıasing store with loss, and loss with store;
ı I have seen such interchange of state,
ıte itself confounded to decay;
hath taught me thus to ruminate—
time will come and take my love away.
thought is as a death, which cannot choose
/eep to have that which it fears to lose.

› with all these, for restful death I cry,—
› behold desert a beggar born,
needy nothing trim'd in jollity,
purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?

Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strang
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did procee
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the Sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sin
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee.
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

I GRANT thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook

dedicated words which writers use
.eir fair subject, blessing every book.
ı art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
ing thy worth a limit past my praise;
therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
: fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
t strained touches rhetoric can lend,
ı truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
ıe plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
their gross painting might be better us'd
re cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

---

hat thou didst forsake me for some fault,
I will comment upon that offence:
c of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
ıst thy reasons making no defence.
canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
:t a form upon desired change,
l myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
acquaintance strangle and look strange;
ısent from thy walks; and in my tongue
ıweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
ıaply of our old acquaintance tell.
ıee, against myself I'll vow debate,
must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

---

hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
while the world is bent my deeds to cross,

Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorro
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of Fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,
And husband Nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed out-braves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the sham
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,

pot the beauty of thy budding name?
hat sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
ngue that tells the story of thy days,
lascivious comments on thy sport,
dispraise but in a kind of praise;
thy name blesses an ill report.
a mansion have those vices got,
for their habitation chose out thee!
beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
l things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
eed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
rdest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

---

art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
ak of that which gives thee all thy might?
st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
ing thy power, to lend base subjects light?
, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
tle numbers time so idly spent;
the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
ves thy pen both skill and argument.
estive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
e have any wrinkle graven there;
be a satire to decay,
ake Time's spoils despised every where.
y love fame faster than Time wastes life;
u prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

---

e is strengthen'd, though more weak in seem-
not less, though less the show appear: ing;

That love is merchandis'd, whose rich esteemi
The owner's tongue doth publish ev'ry where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the n
But that wild music burdens ev'ry bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear del
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongu
Because I would not dull you with my song.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters c
Have from the forests shook three summers' pr
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn tur
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are greei
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd,
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth st
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
d that which governs me to go about,

:h part his function, and is partly blind,
·ms seeing, but effectually is out;
· it no form delivers to the heart
›ird, of flower, or shape, which it doth lack;
ıis quick objects hath the mind no part,
· his own vision holds what it doth catch;
if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
: most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
: mountain or the sea, the day or night,
: crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
ıpable of more, replete with you,
most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

SE lines that I before have writ, do lie,
n those that said I could not love you dearer;
then my judgment knew no reason why
most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
ep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
ert strong minds to the course of altering things;
! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
ht I not then say, *now I love you best*,
en I was certain o'er incertainty,
wning the present, doubting of the rest?
e is a babe; then might I not say so,
give full growth to that which still doth grow?

: better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
en not to be receives reproach of being,

And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think goo
No,—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bev
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be show
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badness reign.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste:
This I do vow, and this shall ever be;
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust

Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes?
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common [place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies;

That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted:
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

My love is like a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;

Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire his death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with ever-more unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lowr'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?

Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no further reason;
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou fair Sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour now; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A little pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oath of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!

Yet in the midst of all her true protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
* * * * * * *
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore:"
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by Death's sharp sting!
Like a green plumb that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have,
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:

O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee:
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

Crabbed age and youth
  Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
  Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
  Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
  Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
  Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
  Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
  O, my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defy thee;
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
  For methinks thou stay'st too long.

---

eauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
. shining gloss that fadeth suddenly:
. flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
. brittle glass, that's broken presently:
. doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
.ost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
And daft me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay. [row;"
"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-mor
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
May be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
May be, again to make me wander thither:
Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning ris
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark.

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:

The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems an hour;
Yet not for me, shine, Sun, to succour flowers! [row;
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now bor-
Short, Night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air,
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the Heaven's breath;
"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow,
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom even Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry,
"Teru, Teru," by and by:

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead:
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing,
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.

ls are easy like the wind;
ful friends are hard to find.
y man will be thy friend,
lst thou hast wherewith to spend;
if store of crowns be scant,
nan will supply thy want.
at one be prodigal,
ntiful they will him call:
with such like flattering,
ty but he were a king."

: be addict to vice,
:kly him they will entice;
women he be bent,
y have him at commandement;
if fortune once do frown,
n farewell his great renown:
y that fawn'd on him before,
his company no more.
hat is thy friend indeed,
will help thee in thy need;
ou sorrow, he will weep;
ou wake, he cannot sleep:
s of every grief in heart
with thee doth bear a part.
se are certain signs to know
hful friend from flattering foe.

---

s, oh, take those lips away,
hat so sweetly were forsworn;
those eyes, the break of day,
ights that do mislead the morn:

But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
  Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
  Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st

r breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
our mourners shalt thou go.

: anthem doth commence:—
l constancy is dead;
nd the turtle fled
ıal flame from hence.

lov'd, as love in twain
essence but in one;
incts, division none:
there in love was slain.

:mote, yet not asunder;
, and no space was seen
ıe turtle and his queen:
.em it were a wonder.

:en them love did shine,
turtle saw his right
in the phenix' sight:
as the other's mine.

was thus appall'd,
self was not the same,
.turc's double name
wo nor one was call'd.

n itself confounded,
ion grow together;
elves yet either-neither,
ere so well compounded;

ied, "how true a twain
this concordant one!

Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain."

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love;
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty bury'd be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

A

LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I lay to list the sad-tun'd tale:
Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortify'd her visage from the Sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of Heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine,
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are ty'd
To the orbed earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set,—
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries *some*, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secresy.

These often bath'd she in her luxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear:

Cry'd, "O false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear! [here!"
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man, that graz'd his cattle nigh,
(Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours observed as they flew;)
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught apply'd
Which may her suffering ecstacy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

"But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by Nature's outwards so commended,

That maiden's eyes sluck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind:
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phenix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth,
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

"Well could he ride, and often men would say,
'That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,

ıt rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop
he makes!'
controversy hence a question takes,
:ther the horse by him became his deed,
e his manage by the well-doing steed.

.t quickly on this side the verdict went;
real habitude gave life and grace
ppertainings and to ornament,
ımplish'd in himself, not in his case:
.ids, themselves made fairer by their place,
e for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

on the tip of his subduing tongue
:ind of arguments and question deep,
eplication prompt, and reason strong,
his advantage still did wake and sleep:
ıake the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
ıad the dialect and different skill,
hing all passions in his craft of will;

at he did in the general bosom reign
ɔung, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
.well with him in thoughts, or to remain
:rsonal duty, following where he haunted:
ıents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
dialogu'd for him what he would say,
d their own wills, and made their wills obey.

ny there were that did his picture get,
erve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
fools that in the imagination set

The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, their's in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

"So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But ah! who ever shun'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!

The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry *it is thy last*.

"For further I could say, *this man's untrue*,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were guiled in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

"And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said,
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

"'All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind:
Love made them not; with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find:
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

"'Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd.
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"'Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood; [me,
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me,
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white, and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"'And lo! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"'The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold; each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

"'Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender:
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"'O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;

; all these similies to your own command,
ow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
t me your minister, for you obeys,
ks under you; and to your audit comes
r distract parcels in combined sums.

! this device was sent me from a nun,
ster sanctified of holiest note;
:h late her noble suit in court did shun,
se rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
he was sought by spirits of richest coat,
cept cold distance, and did thence remove,
end her living in eternal love.

it O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
hing we have not, mastering what not strives?
ng the place which did no form receive,
ng patient sports in unconstrained gyves:
hat her fame so to herself contrives,
cars of battle scapeth by the flight,
makes her absence valiant, not her might.

pardon me, in that my boast is true;
ccident which brought me to her eye,
the moment did her force subdue,
ow she would the caged cloister fly:
ious love put out religion's eye:
be tempted, would she be enmur'd,
ow, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

w mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
roken bosoms that to me belong,
emptied all their fountains in my well,

And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love, to physic your cold breast.

"'My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
Who disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when I the assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"'When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"'Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And supplicant their sighs to you extend.
And leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.'

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount

With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

"For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Apply'd to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows.

"That not a heart which in his level came,
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair Nature is both kind and tame;
And veil'd in them, would win whom he would maim
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim:

When he most burnt in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity

"Thus merely with the garment of a grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd!
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spungy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrowed motion, seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!"

SONGS

FROM HIS PLAYS.

SONG.

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

Blow, blow thou winter-wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude!
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing heigh, ho! unto the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot!
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! &c. &c.

SPRING.

A SONG.

AT THE END OF LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
  And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds, of yellow hue,
  Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on ev'ry tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
  And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
  And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckoo then on ev'ry tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

A SONG.

AT THE END OF LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

When icicles hang by the wall,
  And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
  And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
  And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
  And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SONG OF FAIRIES.

BY PUCK IN MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Now the hungry lion roars,
  And the wolf behowls the Moon,
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
  All with weary task foredone.

Now the wasted brands do glow;
  Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
  In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night
  That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spite,
  In the churchway paths to glide;

And we Fairies, that do run
  By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the Sun,
  Follow'ng darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door.

SONG.

IN MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

H no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Ien were deceivers ever;
: foot in sea, and one on shore,
'o one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
ınd be you blithe and bonny;
ıverting all your sounds of woe
ıto, Hey nonny, nonny.

g no more ditties, sing no mo
f dumps so dull and heavy;
: fraud of men was ever so,
ince summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

SONG.

IN THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

L me, where is Fancy bred,
in the heart, or in the head?
v begot, how nourished?—

REPLY.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
I'll begin it.—Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

ARIEL'S SONG.

IN THE TEMPEST.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily;
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SONG.

IN TWELFTH NIGHT.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid:
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
  O prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
  Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet
  On my black coffin let there be strown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
  My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
  Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
  To weep there!

SONG.

FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

"Who is Sylvia? what is she,
  "That all our swains commend her?"
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
  The Heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

"Is she kind as she is fair?
  "For beauty lives with kindness:"
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
  That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
  Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

SONG.

IN CYMBELINE.

Fear no more the heat o' th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
From it consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave!

SONG.

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

Under the green-wood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun;
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

SELECT POEMS

OF

BEN JONSON.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD

LIFE OF JONSON.

THE world, it seems, has, for more than two centuries, been labouring under the grossest delusion concerning every part of the life, character, and writings of Ben Jonson. Mr. Gifford* has risen up, in these latter days, to set mankind in the right; and, if the indiscriminate contradiction of every thing, which has been heretofore said upon the ame subject, be an exposition of error, or a mode f ascertaining truth, he has most successfully atained his end. Whence he derived his new illuinations, he has scrupulously avoided to tell us; d perhaps, indeed, a conceited editor required other inspiration than a resolve to find every dy in the wrong. 'The reader,' he says, 'who the courage to follow me through these pages, st be prepared to see many of his prejudices rthrown, to hear that he has been imposed upon the grossest fabrications; and, however mortifythe discovery may prove, that many of those have practised on his integrity and surprised

he Works of Ben Jonson, in nine volumes, with Notes, criti- l explanatory, and a biographical Memoir. By W. Gifford, ond. 1816. If Mr. Gifford had not thought it worth while e others for assuming the honorary title of *Esquire*, we lisdain to notice, that he had got beyond his last, in append. his own name.

his judgment, are weak at once and worthl
few pretensions to talents, and none to ho

If to attack is to overthrow,—if to over
to sweep away,—if we will take round
for demonstrated facts,—if to appropriat
bours of others is to make new discov
calling men fools and knaves is to ren
weak and dishonest,—this self-complaisan
nition is unquestionably true. We have n
a memoir commenced with more assuranc
sued with greater hostility. Puffed up w
idea of his own powers, Mr. Gifford must
powers of all others with contempt. Bec
saucy, he takes himself to be independ
raised from a low and subordinate station,
to think, that it is his turn to be master;
has a perfect right to insult departed m
bully over his cotemporaries.

It would be idle to pretend, that his
of denying every thing, does not occasi
tect an error, or elicit a truth. But a g
is brought to shame by a bad motive; an
temperance of Mr. Gifford's boasts are
destroy all the merits of his achievem
proves himself a bigot in politics, a big
gion, a bigot in literature, and a bigot in p
He accuses others of malice, because th
malice to Jonson; and he has himself
more malignity, in this single memoir,

fill up the measure of insolence, expects you to take all he says upon his own authority. Books he never quotes, unless it is to abuse them; and, from the disingenuousness, with which he treats such as he has cited, we are free to say, that we would as soon trust a Hindoo priest as Mr. William Gifford.

Nor is it in literary matters alone, that we think him unworthy of confidence. We might, in part, excuse the low-bred scurrility, with which he pursues some of the most respectable names in English literature; but we can have no mercy upon the cant of hypocritical sanctity, with which he seeks to attract the approbation of his more sober readers. Where a man's breeding is base, he cannot help it, if his language is vulgar; but he, who, in all his works, never pretermits an occasion to defile his pages with a lewd anecdote, had better spare all encomiums upon the purity of his own morals, and profess no concern for the morals of others. Mr. Gifford is smitten with such a trembling solicitude for the fate of his readers, that he boasts of having extracted the sting from some of Jonson's impiety;* yet never has he stopt himself at a profane expression; nor does he seem to perceive, that to say a man 'lies damnably,' and then add, 'as Shakespeare says,' is only the stale trick of taking to one's self the imagined force of blasphemous language, while all the criminality is shifted upon another.†

* Mem. p. clxxxvii Jonson's 'most usual oath,' we are told, 'was an unmeaning exclamation *by G—d's s*. From this, when his works were re-printed, he withdrew the G, and thus rendered the nonsense harmless. I am not afraid to confess, that, in a few instances, where there was reason to suppose he had overlooked it, I have surreptitiously abstracted the same letter. I know the importance of fidelity; but no considerations on earth can tempt me to the wanton or heedless propagation of impiety. I have always regarded with feelings of peculiar horror that fool hardy accuracy.' &c.

† Vol. i. p. cclxxix

We had been accustomed to think Mr. a man of some strength of mind; and we co ed it rather as his misfortune, than his faul such respectable powers should be drudge many vile services. We thought he was enough, at least, to escape that prostrate and sale adoration, in which an author commo chains his editor. But, much to our surprise, him an idolater of the most enthusiastic s Not contented with the most servile worshi own god, he is ready to prostrate the imag to exterminate the worshippers, of all othe nor does he seem to know, that, to defend t duct of his own idol, he must do somethin than to attack the conduct of others. When receives a wound, Mr. Gifford revenges Shakespeare; or, if Shakespeare is not at h turns his rabid ferocity upon the next perso he may encounter. Nor is it upon books thors alone, that he fastens his venomous to must bite the reader too. 'Can impudenc he, in one place, 'go beyond this! What must these vile calumniators have formed capacity of their readers! But they were rig In fine, Mr. Gifford becomes so infatuat rage, that he thinks all mankind have cons abuse Jonson; and that there is no other counteracting the conspiracy, but by abu mankind in their turn.

He could not even introduce the name of thor, or mention the year of his birth, carping at some of his predecessors. 'The on our author,' says he, 'began at a pret period. He knew his own name, it seems, a sisted in writing it correctly, though 'som best friends' mis-spelt it! This is produce *Biographia Brittanica*, as 'an instance of th

* Vol. i. p. cclxxxii.

tation which so strongly marks the poet's character. But this perseverance in the right,' adds the sarcastic biographer, 'was a family failing; for his mother, as it appears, wrote it in the same manner.'* The reader should know, that all this disturbance is concerning the question, whether our author's name was, or was not, originally written with an *h*; whether it were Johnson, or Jonson. Where 'it appears,' that his mother spelt the name without the disputed letter, Mr. Gifford has not informed us; and we think it unnecessary to repeat, that we yield him no credit, where he gives us no authorities.

It is in the very opening of his *Memoir*, that he commences the system of making testimony in his own favour, and of suppressing that which is against him. The *Biographia Brittanica* does not limit its observation to '*some* of Jonson's best friends;' nor even to 'his best friends.' The writer says, that not only 'his best friends'—but 'his fondest sons' continued to spell the name according to the common orthography.† All the author's cotemporaries were equally perverse; and it is another suppressed remark of the *Biographia*, that the very instrument, which created him Poet Laureate, has the name, in every instance, most scrupulously written with the *h*.‡ Mr. Gifford has introduced this article into his own Life;§ but, still resolving to keep under such facts as were not on his side of the question, he has run over the page, with his pen, and erased the offensive letter, from as many instances as readily caught his eye. We know not how Mr. Gifford could think the controversy of

* Mem. p. ii. note 1.

† Biog. Brit. vol. iv. p. 2775. A.

‡ Id. ibid. and p. 2783. It is remarkable, too, that the managers of our poet's theatre wrote his name Johnson. Giff. Mem. p. xxxiii. note 5.

§ Mem. p. clv. note 6.

sufficient importance to require so mean a trick. An ardent admirer of the Latin would naturally be an enemy to all the consonants in the English language. Mr. Gifford tells us himself, that Jonson abridged his christian name from Benjamin to Ben; and, if he could drop *five* letters from the first part, what is there monstrous in believing, that he should strike out *one* from the other? For ourselves, however, we shall humour the whim of both author and editor, by writing the name precisely as they choose to have it written.

Ben Jonson, then, was born at Westminster, in the early part of the year 1574. 'The writers of the *Biographia Brittanica*,' says Mr. Gifford, 'are somewhat embarrassed here, by a line in the Poem left in Scotland, in which Jonson says, that he had then 'told seven and forty years.' Now this, say they, as the poet was there in 1619, fixes his birth to the year 1572, and makes him two years older than is commonly supposed. But these critics,' adds the biographer, 'should have looked into Drummond, instead of reasoning upon a fact which is not to be found there.'* The true reading, it seems, is 'six and forty years;' but, whether it be so or not, it is a little hard, that these honest writers, who are labouring to the same end with Mr. Gifford, should receive nothing at his hands, but sarcastic council and unmerited abuse. We do not find them by any means embarrassed; and it is very certain, that they 'say' the very contrary of what our editor represents them to have said. The public had been told, that the Poem, in question, was written during Jonson's visit to Scotland; and the *Biographia* disbelieved the fact, for the very reason, that it would set back the author's birth two years beyond the well-known date. 'Now,' say they, 'if he was forty-seven years of age, in 1619, his birth

* Mem. p. ii. note 2.

could not have happened later than 1572, two years before the date of it, as fixed by his editor (Mr. Whalley) himself, viz. 1574. And, as this latter date is confirmed by so many concurring testimonies, it remains, that we fix the date of this poem in 1621, two years after the journey in Scotland.'* If Mr. Gifford has so little honesty, when he does cite authorities, we may be excused for disbelieving him, when he does not. We have only to add, that neither the Biographia, nor our vain-glorious editor, can boast of scrupulous accuracy in the ascertainment of this date. We are told by Wood, Blount, and Langbane, that, when Jonson died, in August, 1637, he was in his 63d year. His real age, therefore, was only 62; and 62 from 1637, will leave us 1575, instead of 1574.†

Jonson's grandfather was originally settled at Annandale, in Scotland; but afterwards removed to Carlisle; and is said to have held some post in the government of Henry VIII. His father suffered imprisonment and confiscation under Mary. His father-in-law was a bricklayer; who is supposed to have married his mother in less than two years from the death of her first husband. Ben was a posthumous child; and, 'though I cannot,' says Fuller, 'with all my industrious inquiry, find him in his cradle, I can fetch him from his long coats.'‡ He 'fetches' him, at this time, from Hartshorn Lane, near Charing Cross; and, though it might be edifying to know what lane he next lived in, there is no further account of him, till he was placed at a private school in the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

This part of our author's life is involved in an obscurity, which he alone could have dissipated,—but which he seems to have chosen to let remain.

* Biog. Brit. vol. iv. p. 2784. X. sub. fin.
† Gen. Dic. Hist. and Crit. Lond. 1738. fol. vol. vi. p. 339. A.
‡ Worthies of England, fol. ed. 1661. art. *Westminster*, p. 243.

mentioning his family; and, as if thi
materially impaired the force of the obs
thinks himself entitled to abuse the writ
ing it at all. 'From critics so disposed
'Jonson must have had unusual good
escape with justice. The fact is, howe
is *once* found mentioning his family. H
it to Drummond, and had it pleased t
gentleman to be less sparing of his
somewhat more liberal in his informatio
have obtained enough on this head, to
most ardent curiosity.'† It is scarcely f
a man equally for doing, and for not
same thing. The 'worthy gentleman,'
be here reprobated for not imparting
mation, is, in another place, bespatte
the vile epithets in the language, for n
to himself the little he has given to
How does Mr. Gifford know what might
'obtained on this head?'

From the school at St. Martin's you
was transferred to that of Westminster;

stminster, he went directly to Cambridge. There 'dispute concerning his age, at this time, and cerning the college, into which he was admitted. Gifford thinks, he was in his sixteenth year; his chief reason for the opinion, is, that, as son's name is not in the University Register, as there are no names in it at all, from 1589 to 2, he must have been entered some time be-en the two latter periods.* Whence he derived authority for saying, that the omission in the ister commenced in 1589, and continued only e years, he has not condescended to tell us. ording to the *Biographia Brittanica*, there was nasm of *ten* or *twelve* years; but it does not pre-l to fix the time any nearer, than 'about the iod of Jonson's supposed matriculation.'† There nother way of accounting for the omission of name. It is admitted, that he was, at first, a e sizar; and we are told by the *Biographia*, , 'for a long time, no notice was taken of any had not scholarships.'‡ It is the united testi-ny of Wood, Fuller, and the Biographia, that he admitted to St. John's College. Aubrey says, vas Trinity College; and, 'indeed,' adds Mr. ord, 'if Jonson had been on the foundation at stminster, and went, regularly, to Cambridge,

sufficient to destroy all the force of the remark, employ the of the note in bewailing the present state of criticism, and ing the authors, who have gone before us. But there is a more lusive mode of treating the subject. The confidence of Mr. rd's assertion induced us to investigate its accuracy; and, so s we could prosecute our researches, we found, that the term Ben,' or 'Father Ben,' or some equivalent epithet, was so larly used by his cotemporaries, that it forms, not unfrequent-ne caption of their letters. No person ever thought it a term of tempt and ridicule;' and it is, indeed, one of those endearing ressions, by which men delight to make themselves familiar those, whom they profoundly reverence.

Mem. p. vii. viii.

Vol. iv. p. 2777. F. Gen. Dic. vol. vi. p. 339.

Id. ibid.

this must have been his college.'* C
must believe which they will.

The time of his stay at college is eq
ject of dispute. We are told by the e
phers, that it was very short; but Mr. G
must deny every thing, says, 'he had
ably a longer connexion with Cambrid
usually supposed.'† He is said to have
to college by the kindness, and at the
some unknown patron. Mr. Gifford r
his name is lost; but, if, as we are to
procured young Jonson an exhibition, a
found the avails insignificant, left his c
vide for himself, we think, it is much be
kept his name a secret. Jonson retu
parents; and was obliged to commence
of a bricklayer. 'These good people
Gifford, have not been kindly treated.
the mother a silly woman; and the fath
tually reflected on for calling his son ho
at his own profession. The mother, ho
not silly; on the contrary, she was a h
woman, fully sensible of the rank of he
band, in life, and of the extraordinary m
son.'‡ Mr. Gifford is possessed with suc
contradiction, that he cannot be satisfie
puting what has, indeed, been said; bu
ter Stephen, in *Every Man in his Humo*
fabricate an insult, in order to have an
of revenging it.§ We have not found th

* Ath. Ox. vol. i. p. 609. Worth. Eng. as above, Brit. vol. iv. p. 2777. Giff. p. 7. note.

† Mem. p. viii. ‡ Mem. p. viii, ix.

§ As Mr. Gifford is little pleased with this charac think it the only natural one in the play, we shall e transcribe the scene, to which we have here alluded.

'*Enter a servant.*

Who comes here?

Servant. Save you, gentlemen!

Stephen. Nay, we do not stand much on our ge

in which Jonson's father 'is perpetually reflected on for calling him home;' and our editor only undertakes to disprove the 'silliness' of his mother, by that species of bullying assertion, which, we suppose, our readers are, by this time, prepared to estimate. Wood says, she was silly, because she married a bricklayer; and if, as Mr. Gifford pretends, she held so high a rank in life, we do not see that the Oxford antiquary was so greatly in the wrong.

According to Aubrey, it was generally believed, that Jonson 'wrought at the garden wall of Lincoln's Inn, near Chancery Lane;' but, we believe, none of the antiquaries have discovered the precise bricks, which have been immortalized by passing through his hands. It is said, too, that he carried

yet you are welcome: and I assure you, mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land. He has but one son in all the world. I am his next kin, at the common law, Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin die, as there's hope he will: I have a pretty living of mine own, too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Steph. In good time, sir! Why, and in very good time, sir! You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir!

Steph. Not you, sir! You were not best, sir; an you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to; and they can give it again soundly too, an need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

Steph. Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good Master Stephen, so you may, sir, at pleasure.

Steph. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion! an you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither, in't.

Knowel. Cousin, cousin, will this ne'er be left?

Steph. Whoreson, base fellow! a mechanical serving man! By this cudgel, an 'twere not for shame, I would—— *Act I. Sc.* 1.

Knowel drives him off;—not, however, because he was afraid there would be any blood spilt. Master Stephen soon enters again, in full rage; and, being informed, that the servant is gone, 'O,' he exclaims, 'that I had but a horse to fetch him back again.' Brainworm offers him his master's gelding. '*Steph.* But I have no boots, that's the spite on't.' Brainworm removes that objection. Stephen puns upon the word *boot;* says, 'let him go and hang:' and calls upon Brainworm to 'help him truss up a little.'

a book in one of his pockets, while at work; and, though the industry of Gildon has ascertained that book to have been Horace, he was not so fortunate as to find, in which pocket it was generally sequestered. Here, again, we encounter Mr. Gifford: who, as might be expected, gives a flat denial to the whole story. His common mode of refutation, is, either to misstate the question altogether, and then prove that to be false, which was never asserted to be true; or to link with what is probable, something which will never be believed, and then contrive to make the truth and the falsehood both go down together. 'That Jonson worked,' he observes, 'with a trowel in one hand, and a Horace or a Homer in the other; that he was admired, pitied, and relieved by Sutton, as Chetwood says, or by Camden, as others say, and sent back to his studies, are figments pleasing enough to merit to be believed; but, unfortunately, they have no foundation in truth.'* Mr. Gifford knew, he was perfectly safe in thus stating the account; for who would believe, that a person, while laying bricks, could carry a book in his hand? No such thing was ever asserted; and the language of Fuller, which Mr. Gifford thus shamefully perverts, is no other than this, that Jonson went to his work 'with a trowel in one hand, and a book in his pocket.'† The other part of our editor's scepticism is worthy of his general character. He could believe, that some unknown patron sent Jonson to college, because there was little authority for the story; but, as soon as there is sufficient evidence, that his author was relieved, in similar circumstances, by Sutton and Camden, there is somebody to contradict, and the account must be pronounced a figment. We will believe Fuller before Mr. Gifford; and Fuller says, 'some gentleman, pitying that Jonson's parts should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a calling, did,

* Mem. p. ix. † Worth. Eng. as above, p. 243.

r their bounty, manumise him freely to follow his wn inclinations.'*

'Another story is told by Wood,' says Mr. Gifford, robably on Aubrey's authority, that Jonson was ken from his father's business to accompany young aleigh in his travels. Young Raleigh at this time as unborn—at any rate he was mewling and pukg in his nurse's arms: this, however, signifies noing—the story is too good to be lost, as it tends degrade Jonson, and it is therefore served up in ery account of his life.'† It was necessary to make is sweeping asseveration, in order to claim the erit of a discovery. Instead of being served up every account of Jonson's life, our readers will ıd, that Wood does not tell the story with much onfidence; that the *Biographia Brittanica* gives fficient reasons for disbelieving it; and that the *eneral Dictionary* refutes it, with a body of evience, which puts Mr. Gifford's flimsy surmises to ame.‡ He here speaks of the 'time' with the most confidence; and it is but a few pages after, at he tells us, there is not, in the whole of Jonon's life, a date before 1696, which 'can be spoken ' with any degree of certainty.§ The notion, that e story was told to degrade Jonson, is, in Mr. ifford's own language, a figment; and, if our edir did not affect to be a paragon of accuracy, it ould hardly be worth noticing, that he not only isolates the birth of Raleigh's eldest son,—but ems not to know, that he had any other. Walr, the eldest, was born in 1594,‖ and not in 1595:¶ arew, the youngest, in 1604; and, while the latter ver travelled at all, it is a fact, worth all Mr. Gifrd's comparison of unknown dates, that the forer was never out of England but once in his life,

* Eng. Worth. as above, p. 243. † Mem. p. ix. note.
‡ Ath. Ox. vol. i. col. 608. Biog. Brit. vol. iv. p. 2770. B. Gen. c. vol. vi. p. 339. B.
§ Mem. p. xxiii. note. ‖ Gen. Dic. vol. vi. p. 339. B.
¶ Gif. Mem. p. ix. note.

and that was in 1617; when he accom
father to Guiana, and was killed there.*

According to Jonson's own account,
not endure the occupation of a brickla
instead of becoming tutor to Walter H
ran from his father, and enlisted, as a sol
Flanders army. Mr. Gifford brings fo
story as a new discovery; and, though
others of an attempt to degrade Jonson,
him the companion of a knight's son, h
seem to perceive, that he has himself
his idol still more, by making him a ru
a common soldier. How long he contin
dignified occupation, we know not; bu
ford is happy to state, that he rems
enough in Flanders to 'signalize his c
killing an enemy, and bringing off the sp
biographers are perplexed to know,
shall treat this adventure. The hero h
afterwards fond of alluding to the ach
and the *Biographia Brittanica* became
detailing the fact and the boasts, with
design of representing the affair in no ve
point of view. This manner somewhat c
A. Chalmers, and makes Mr. Gifford
'This achievement,' says the latter, 'is ur
dwelt upon with too much complacenc
writers;' and, after stating that 'they ar
checked for this, by Mr. Chalmers,' he
Mr. Chalmers himself is 'not altogeth
blame;' and then proceeds to tell us exac
light the transaction should be regarded.

Mr. Chalmers had observed, that 'one
ing and stripping another is a degree
prowess of no very extraordinary kind.'†
ford is resolved to make more of the mat
Chalmers,' he tells us, 'does not see, th
not a general action, in which, as he justl

* Gen. Dic. vol. vi. p. 339. B. † Eng. Po. vo

:ircumstances are sufficiently common; but a
combat, decided in the presence of both ar-
In those days, when great battles were rarely
:, and armies lay for half a campaign in the sight
h other, it was not unusual for champions, to
nge their adversaries.'* We do not believe
l of this. It is the first time we ever heard
circumstance; and though, in ordinary cases,
ould not set up what we know as a measure
at may be known, we are sufficiently acquaint-
:h Mr. Gifford to feel safe in denying what-
ıe gives us merely upon his own word. We
to be listening to a tale of the Greeks before
and not of the English forces in Flanders.
ifford is a poet as well as Homer; and we are
that he has invented here one of those pieces
chinery, by which gods and heroes are some-
brought off in triumph.

v long Jonson continued in Flanders, or to
ıusiness he applied himself, immediately upon
urn, are equally unknown. It is agreed by
ıt he did not remain long in indolence; and
like most cotemporary poets, he turned his
ion to the stage. Mr. Malone says, 'he be-
is theatrical career as a strolling player;
fter having rambled by a play-waggon in the
y, repaired to London, and endeavoured, at
rtain, to obtain a livelihood; till, not being able
a good face upon't, he could not get a service
: the mimics.' It is needless to add, that Mr.
l takes it upon him to deny all this; but it is
ıg to observe the manner in which he under-
to disprove it. Resolving to consider the
obloquy as intended to be cast upon his au-
face, he tasks himself to prove, that Jonson
ıandsome man; and, after making such asser-
ıs he supposes will answer the purpose, he

* Mem. p. xiii.

concludes, that, ' with the advantages, th
youth, person, voice, and somewhat mor
ture than commonly fell to the share of
scure actor in a strolling company, Jo
hardly fail to get a service among the mi
Jonson's life, like that of the owl's offs
depended upon this description of his
are afraid he would never have escape
of being the beautiful and accomplis
here represented, his cotemporaries han
to us, as an ill-shaped and brawny c
might boast of any thing but a comely
how Mr. Gifford should have the effront
us the portrait prefixed to this volume,
us, that Jonson's 'ugliness is the dream of
that ' his features were good,' a stranger
of writing biography would be at a loss t
The question was, whether Jonson ' a
play-waggon,' or procured employment
mimics in the suburbs; but Mr. Gifford

* Mem. p. xvi.
† We may take his own word for this:

TO THE PAINTER.

Why? though I seem of a prodigious wast,
I am not so voluminous and vast,
But there are lines wherewith I might be' embra

'Tis true, as my wombe swells, so my back stoup
And the whole lumpe grows round, deform'd, an
And yet the tun of Heidelburg had houpes.

You were not tied by any painter's law
To square my circle, I confess; but draw
My superfices: that was all you saw.

Which, if in compasse of no art it came
To be described by a monogram,
With one great blot yo' had form'd me as I am.

It seems, that this painter, like Mr. Gifford, wa
' square Jonson's circles,' and make him handsome in
self.

ch an adept in the school of Sir John Falstaff, at he has contrived to turn the subject into a dis-te about 'youth, person, voice, and literature.' There is a story, in Wood, that Jonson went to mbridge after his return from Flanders; and that e did afterwards recede to a nursery, or obscure y-house, called the Green Curtain, about Shore-ch.'* Mr. Gifford denies, that he went to Cam-dge; and, as Jonson, in his imagination, was a iter and a player ready-made, he will not believe, t, according to the same authority, 'his first ac-n and writing,' wherever he acted and wrote, ere both ill.' It has been commonly said, too, t he killed a player in a duel. Mr. Gifford grants the killing; but he maintains, that there is little hority for believing it was a player. According Jonson's own account, he was not himself the llenger; and he told Drummond, that his anta-nist brought into the field, a sword ten inches ger than his own. Perhaps it had grown some hes, in consequence of a severe wound, inflicted on one of his arms: but, whether it were long or rt, it seems to have been treacherous to the ner. Our author had his second triumph in sin-combat; but he felt little disposed to write nglorious epigrams upon the occasion; for, as he ls us himself, he was cast into prison, and 'brought r the gallows.'

He seems, indeed, to have been under serious prehensions of death; and, as popery gave him fullest assurance of future happiness, a Romish est found no difficulty in making him a proselyte. e Biographia attributed his conversion to melan-ly, and Drummond to indifference. Mr. Gifford, ording to his usual manner, says, 'it is probable, t neither was the cause;' and, then, classing son among persons 'of a serious way of think-

* Ath. Ox. vol. i. col. 608.

ing, of warm imaginations, and ill-digested studies,' he adds, that such 'are not among the most unfavourable subjects for proselytism.'* Every body knows, that Ben Jonson's way of thinking was not serious; that his studies were not ill-digested; and that his imagination was by no means remarkable for its warmth. Mr. Gifford has, in fact, gone a great way to account for an event, which, as he tells us himself, Jonson explained in a single sentence. He informs us candidly, that he took the priest's word. He was about to die; and, as the popish faith was apparently the shortest, the easiest, and the surest road to heaven, he was readily persuaded to become a follower. He was at length released from prison; and he soon showed, that he cultivated his new religion no longer than he thought he should have immediate use for it. His change,—if that can be called a change, which was from a belief in one system, to a belief in none,—has been somewhat censured by his earlier biographers. Mr. Gifford asserts, therefore, that it was 'a proof of a return of a serious mind;' and, after comparing him to 'the great and good Jeremy Taylor,' to Chillingworth, and 'a thousand more of the same description,' we are told, in his cant phrase, that Ben Jonson 'diligently studied the Fathers, and *those wiser guides* who preached the words of truth in simplicity.'† There is no authority for this, but Mr. Gifford; whom we find ready, on all occasions, to assert any thing which will support his own story, or contradict that of his predecessors.

Jonson had no sooner escaped from prison, than he took a wife. We expected Mr. Gifford to extol this as a mark of his prudence; but it was an instance of folly too palpable even for extenuation; and our editor pleasantly slurs over the event with remarking, that it was 'that happy mode of extri-

* Mem. p. xxi. note. † Ibid.

cating himself from difficulties, which men of genius sometimes adopt.'* The date of his marriage is fixed at 1594; and, in about two years, he added to his family a daughter and a son. He had occasion, therefore, says Mr. Gifford, for all his exertions; and we are now entertained with more proofs, that he did not heretofore 'procure a precarious subsistence,' by ambling after a play-waggon, or by writing and acting ill at the Green Curtain. 'The fortunate preservation of Mr. Henslow's memorandums,' says our editor, 'amidst the wreck of so much valuable matter through the sloth and ignorance of the members of Dulwich college (he must snap at some person in every sentence), has given a sort of precision to this period of our dramatic history, which no one was sanguine enough to expect.' Here, says the delighted biographer, we shall be able to trace the early part of Jonson's dramatic career. We shall here find, that, 'following the example of cotemporary poets, he wrote plays in conjunction with those who were already in possession of the stage;' and that, as 'a sufficient refutation of the oft-repeated tale about his ill writing,' he composed 'with such success as to induce Mr. Henslow and his son-in-law, Alleyn, to advance him money upon several of his plots in embryo.'† Now, the only entry which Mr. Gifford gives us,—and he takes care to postpone it two pages,—is a loan of five English shillings!‡ Afterwards, indeed, when he had become more famous, we find advances of a larger amount.

A story is told, that Shakespeare stood god-father 'to one of Ben Jonson's children;' and that, after the christening, 'being in a deep study, Jonson came to cheer him up; and asked him why he was so melancholy? No faith, Ben, says he, not I; but I have been considering a great while what should

* Mem. p. xxii. † Ibid. p xxiv—v. ‡ Ibid. p. xxiv—vii.

his help, we cannot say, as he tries, that
enough to cut to the quick. It seems, tha
peare had been active in promoting the
Jonson's *Sejanus;* which, notwithstandin
tions, was condemned for its latinity; a
now told, that this repartee, the result of
deep study, was an oblique allusion to t
trous event. The reader will perceive,
story is told of 'one of Jonson's childr
rally; and has relation to a time subsequ
exhibition of his *Sejanus*. Mr. Gifford pro
to be untrue; and he adopts a most felicit
of proving its falsehood. He makes it ref
son's first daughter, who was born in 159
Sejanus was not acted till 1603, the allusi
success of that play most evidently des
authenticity of the anecdote. If this devi
not subvert the story, Mr. Gifford is re
any rate, that Shakespeare shall not esca
the account been founded in fact, say
would only prove that the wit and good
of Shakespeare's return to Ben's civil

Decker, Marston, Chettle, &c.'* We are told by the Biographia Brittanica, that 'his spirit revived with his liberty; and, maugre all the disadvantages he met with, he went on digging in the poetic mine, and, by dint of unappalled industry, improved his genius so much, that he at length produced a play.'† All the biographers, except one, agree, that whatever Jonson accomplished was the result of unwearied application. He became, next to Selden, the most learned man of his age; and, unless we suppose the period, we now speak of, to have been devoted, in a great measure, to classical studies, the busy occupation of his future life will leave us to wonder, how he became possessed of such extensive and various knowledge. It is likely, that a great part of his time, during the first years of his dramatic employment, were occupied with pursuits of a severer nature; and that, when he wrote for the theatre, it was only as an auxiliary to some veteran of the trade. At length he probably imagined himself capable of greater things, and undertook to write a play of his own.

* Shakespeare and his Times. By Nathan Drake, M. D. 2 vols. 4to. Lond. 1817. vol. ii. p. 572. We should be more pleased with Dr. Drake, if he did not write for ever, and take so much upon trust. 'The fair fame of Jonson,' says he, 'which both in a moral and dramatic light, has, for more than a century, been overwhelmed by a cloud of ignorance and prejudice, now brightens with more than pristine lustre, through the liberal and generous efforts of some accomplished scholars of the present day; and, if ever it be permitted to departed spirits to witness the transactions of this sublunary sphere, with what delight and gratitude must the spirit of the injured bard look down upon the labours of his learned friends, upon the noble and disinterested protection of a *Gilchrist*, a *Godwin*, and a Gifford!' This is the manner, in which Dr. Drake has contrived to elaborate more than 1400 quarto pages concerning Shakespeare. Why he should invoke departed spirits to look down upon the efforts of 'a Gilchrist,' and 'a Godwin,' we know not. The first, we believe, rendered Mr. Gifford some little service in the composition of his Memoirs; and the second undertook to prove, in an appendix to his *Lives* of the Phillipses, that Milton was a liberal borrower upon Jonson. Mr Gifford is unquestionably entitled to all the 'gratitude' of the injured ghost.

† Vol. iv. p. 2777.

It has been said, that Shakespeare
of bringing 'one of Jonson's dram
stage. Mr. Gifford is not disposed to
peare so much credit; and, according
mode of refutation, he makes 'one
plays' refer to *Every Man in his H*
having proved the story unfounded
would have us conclude, that it is fal
The original account was before him
two different books; but he chose
blundering variation of a subsequent
Jonson,' says Davies, 'presented *Eve*
Humour to one of the leading player
pany of which Shakespeare was a me
casting his eye over it superficially, t
was on the point of returning it with
refusal; when Shakespeare, who perh
till that instant seen Jonson, desired h
into the play. He was so well plea
perusal, that he recommended the w
author to his fellows.'* Mr. Malone
account; and Mr. Gifford tells us, th
story' is to be found in the Biograph
Mr. Gifford must have known better
in the Biographia, is this,—that the p
we have already quoted the writer's
'the good fortune to fall into the han
peare;' who, 'resolving to do full
merit, brought it upon the stage, and
himself.' We are then told in a margi
'Shakespeare's good nature was the
cuous, as the play was undoubtedly co
Jonson himself in the riper age of his g
wise we should have seen it at the head
published in 1616, instead of *Every*
Humour.' And, to place the matter
it is added, in the text, that, 'thus

* Dramatic Miscellanies, vol. ii. p.

is ripened apace; and his comedy
Man in his Humour made its appear-
ne stage in 1598.'*
d with this misstatement, Mr. Gifford
t can need no words 'to prove the
fable;' and that the 'variation of it,
in Rowe, is nothing better.' Were
d with the character of this bully,
ler, why he should quote the first
ory, as the last, and make that the
is itself the original. The *Dramatic*
om which he chooses to take the ac-
t published till 1785. The Biogra-
appeared in 1757; and Rowe's
long time before that period. The
e us the anecdote; and we shall
nguage, in order to show, that the
es is only a bungling copy. 'Shakes-
tance with Ben Jonson,' says he,
remarkable piece of humanity. Mr.
s at that time altogether unknown
ad offered *one of his plays* to the
it acted; and the person into whose
t, after having turned it carelessly
sly over, was just upon the point of
him with an ill-natured answer, that
no service to their company, when
ckily cast his eye upon it, and found
ell in it, as to engage him to read
afterwards to recommend Mr. Jon-
tings to public favour.'† The Bio-
s the performance, here mentioned,
he *Case is Altered;* and both Mr.
. Gifford conjecture, that this play
ore *Every Man in his Humour*.‡

iv. p. 2777, 2778. [I.]
. i. p. 12.
of Shakespeare,' says the Biographia, quoting
, 'was the more remarkable, as Jonson was,

Our readers must be weary of these controve sies; or, at any rate, we suppose, they will excu us, if we do not, in future, take so much pains detect the misstatements, or disprove the assertion of Jonson's last editor. It is often more difficult expose a falsehood than to ascertain a truth. Wh is said with confidence easily makes its way credit. We do not think ourselves entitled to di pute it, until we are in possession of contradicto facts; and, if no particular book be referred to, an authority, we may turn over library after librar and still have no right to deny the statement. may yet be in some other book; and, by hazardi a contradiction, we should commit the very faul which we were labouring to expose. We believ however, that Mr. Gifford has already committed sufficient number of false steps, to take away confidence in him as a guide to truth. What

in his personal character, the very reverse of Shakespeare, as su ill-natured, proud, and disagreeable, as Shakespeare was gen good-natured, easy, and amiable.' Now, adds Mr. Gifford, 'w will the reader say, what will he think, when he is assured, that one syllable of this quotation is to be found in any part of D mond? It is the fabrication of one Shiels, a Scotchman, who piled for the booksellers, the collection, called *Cibber's Lives Poets*, and who, not finding his countryman's character of J quite to his taste, interpolated with kind rancour, the abusi ragraph in question.' It is further called 'the scurrility of scure and hackney scribbler;' and Mr Gifford wishes, that, 'ribaldry' is again repeated, 'it might be given on the au of Mr. Robert Shiels.' Mem. p. 41. note.

Let us ask, in turn, what will the reader say, what will he when he finds, that Johnson, who seldom praises any man, less a Scotchman,—has forgotten all his prejudices in spe Shiels; and bears witness to the purity of his life, and the his end. 'Cibber's *Lives*,' says he, 'were the work of Shiels, a native of Scotland, a man of very acute under though with little scholastic education, who, not long publication of his work, died in London, of a consumpt life was virtuous, and his end was pious. Theophilus Cib a prisoner for debt, imparted, as I was told, his nam guineas.' With so little regard to truth does Mr. Giff pieces the characters of men, if they stand in the way o reputation. Whether Shiels was guilty of this interpo know not; but no assertion of Mr. Gifford would ever i believe it.

cks in testimony is generally made up by assu-
ınce; and, perhaps, we might give it as a rule,
ıat the reader is, in most cases, to take for cer-
in the opposite of what the editor asserts. 'Si
ɔmme la verité,' says Montaigne, 'le mensonge
'avoit qu'un usage, nous serions en meilleurs
:rms: car nous pranderions pour certain l'opposé
: ce qui deroit le menteur.' We shall hereafter
ıss by much of Mr. Gifford's Memoir; nor shall
e go out of the way to investigate such parts as it
ay be worth while to notice.

Notwithstanding this resolution, it is hardly pos-
ble to read a single page of his Life, which does
ɔt provoke us to controversy. Mr. Gifford would
in make us believe, not only that *Every Man in*
s Humour was one of the most popular plays,—
ıt that Jonson, in general, was one of the most
ɔpular writers of the age. It must be confessed,
at he adopted very extraordinary means to secure
e favour of the people. He undertook to combat
e vice and folly of the stage, at a time, when
ɔthing but vice and folly would be tolerated; and,
stead of weaning his audience from their cor-
pted taste by gentle and gradual expedients, he
lled upon them, at once, to forsake their preju-
ces, and follow a better school.* Unpopularity

* In the Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, he proclaims
.r equally upon his auditors and upon cotemporary writers:—

Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not better'd much;
Yet ours for want hath not so lov'd the stage,
As he dare serve the' ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate:
To make a child now swaddled, to proceed,
Chaw, and then shoot up in one beard and weed,
Past three score years; or, with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,

would be the inevitable consequence of such a attempt; and, we are told by Mr. Gifford himse that *Every Man in his Humour* 'did not much i prove the author's finances;'* though the sa biographer adduces it, as an unparalleled instan of theatrical success, that the play 'was perform perhaps a hundred times in the course of twen years.'† The *Beggar's Opera* was acted *sixty* tim during the first season.

Let Jonson speak for himself. In the concludi lines of the Apologetical Dialogue to the *Poetast* he tells us, that 'since the comic muse had been ominous to him, he would try if tragedy had kinder aspect.' Mr. Gifford subjoins, indeed, t the author 'does not mean by this, as Upton a others insinuate, that his comedies had been ill ceived,—for the contrary was the fact; but, t the present one had subjected him to the censu of the law, the army, &c.'‡ We have done adm

> Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
> And in the tyring-house, bring wounds to scars.
> He rather prays you will be pleased to see
> One such to day as other plays should be;
> Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
> Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please:
> Nor nimble squib is seen to make afraid
> The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard
> To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
> Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come. &c.

It is after quoting these lines, that our editor gives us the acco of the 5s. advanced to the author; and adds, 'that even this c not induce him to have recourse for success to the *popular* e dients of bustle, and warlike show.' p. xxvii. Again, after quo some lines of a similar tenor from the Induction to *Every Man of his Humour*, Mr. Gifford subjoins, 'this was not language ca lated to win the audiences of those days, nor did Jonson, on occasion, stoop to court their favour by unworthy condescens to their prejudices. He had nobler aims in view; &c. p. xl Yet it is repeated from one end of this volume to the other, Jonson was 'exceedingly popular.'

* Mem. p. xlvi. † Ibid. p. xxviii. note.

† Ibid. p. lxiv. note 9.

e hardihood of this editor. How would the
of a muse affect Jonson's disposition to of-
he law, and the army? Was it not possible to
ke their censure in a tragedy, as well as a
ly? We should suppose, Mr. Gifford would
been proud to show us, that Jonson was not
ar in his own age; and we can think of no
ot, at once so inconsistent and impolitic, as
f proving, that he became popular, by pursu-
e only course, which was sure to call down
spleasure of his audience.
ry Man out of his Humour was produced in
and, during the same year, Jonson appears
ve been writing one play with Decker, an-
with Chettle, and a third by himself. *Cyn-*
Revels is supposed to have been the comedy,
which he was employed alone. It appeared
0; and was evidently intended to satirize the
and formal manners of the court. In both
se plays, Jonson continued to sound his prin-
of reform; and, in the Epilogue to the lat-
e defied the critics and the public, with an
nce of language, which even seems to have
some impression upon his last editor. Yet
is always one expedient at hand. If Mr. Gif-
annot defend Jonson, he can attack Decker.
ants, that the former was bad; but he con-
, that the latter was worse.
are now entertained with the account of a
conspiracy against our author's peace. Jon-
imself is represented as a meek and innocent
, who meddled with the character of no man,
nly wished, that his cotemporaries, in turn,
l let him alone. On the other hand, Marston,
er, and the other evil spirits, had become en-
of his popularity, and were determined to
him down. The plot was in silent operation
long time; but, at last, we are told, Jonson
ined full information' of its existence; and,

with the promptness of a skilful tactician, 'drew up' the *Poetaster* by way of anticipating the blow. No authority is given for this representation; and, we have not the least doubt ourselves, that the story was coined by Mr. Gifford, to turn a most unprovoked and ferocious attack into a mere matter of self-defence. Jonson had hitherto been engaged with Marston and Decker in writing plays; and it would have appeared somewhat ungenerous, that he should suddenly hold them up to public derision, unless a good reason could be found or fabricated for the treachery. Had the *Satiromastrix* preceded the *Poetaster*, Mr. Gifford's account would have been corroborated; but, the fact is, that, had it not been for the gross personalities of the latter, the former would probably have never appeared. Jonson coolly knocks down an old friend; and it is called self-defence. Decker gets up to return the stroke; and is accused of meditating an unwarranted assault. The *Poetaster* and the *Satiromastrix* were both satirical comedies; and the last is said to have been quite as good as the first.

But it was not Marston and Decker alone, who took offence at the *Poetaster*. It incurred the displeasure of the king's officers, both civil and military. In what way their displeasure was manifested, we are not told; but Jonson thought it necessary to add an *Apologetical Dialogue;* and, as it was usual with him, made his excuse much more offensive than his crime. The Dialogue was never spoken but once; and Jonson says, he 'was restrained from repeating it by authority.' Mr. Gifford observes, that the 'stage was then at the mercy of every captious officer who chose to complain;' and then takes occasion to applaud the boldness of Jonson, and to accuse the slavishness and malignity of his cotemporaries. Among the rest, poor Shakspeare must receive a shaft. He writes a long note

ncerning a ballad and an epigram, which the lat-
r is said to have composed upon Jonson; and he
lights to conclude with the observation, that
Time has spared two specimens of Shakspeare's
ode of attack. It so happens, that one of them
a *ballad* and the other an *epigram;* the first writ-
n on a person whose park he had robbed, and
e second, on a friend who had left him a legacy.'*
About this time the following entry is found in
r. Henslow's books: 'Lent unto Bengemy Johnne at the appoyntment of E. Alleyn and Wm. rde the 22 June 1602, in earnest of a boocke lled *Richard Crookback*, and for new adycions Jeronymo, the some of Xlb.' This article, says r. Malone, 'ascertains that Jonson had the *audacity* to write a play after Shakspeare on the subject *King Richard III.*' The reader can scarcely nceive the rage, into which Mr. Gifford is thrown, this very natural remark. Mr. Malone was eaking on the score of prudence; and, he ought, as doubtless most others will think, that, ;er Shakspeare had dramatized Richard III., it ıs presumptuous in Jonson, or in any body else, write a tragedy upon the same subject. Mr. fford talks of his author's rights. 'I cannot,' ys he, 'discover on what grounds Mr. Malone kes it upon himself to question the right of those ıo never acknowledged his authority, to use their rn judgment, and dispose of their own property they pleased.' 'It does not seem a necessary nsequence,' it is added, 'that Shakspeare's sectting a particular part of our history should preıde the rest of the world from touching it.'† ıd then it is thought necessary to charge Shakeare with having taken the chief part of his own bjects from the dramas of others. The reader

* Mem. p. lx. note. † Ibid. p. lxiv. note.

will perceive, that Mr. Malone questioned no such 'right,' and drew no such 'consequence.'

Jonson's next theatrical performance was *Sejanus*, a tragedy, which was produced at the Globe, in 1603. But it seems, that the tragic muse was quite as 'ominous' as the comic. *Sejanus* met with great opposition; and the author was obliged to withdraw and remodel it. Among the explanatory verses, which were intended to smooth the way for its second appearance, there is one poem by Marston; 'who,' Mr. Gifford takes occasion to remark, 'had long since repented of the part which he took against the author, and resumed his old habits of kindness.' Nobody knows which party repented; and this gratuitous assumption only adds another instance to the proof of Mr. Gifford's inventive powers. Shakspeare had written some parts of *Sejanus*. In the revisal, Jonson struck out those parts; and his editor takes pleasure in subjoining, that 'the whole play now became popular.'*

Elizabeth patronized Jonson; but the patronage of Elizabeth was little calculated to gladden the heart of a pennyless author. James was more liberal; and Jonson had the good fortune to secure his favour at the outset of his reign. An *Entertainment* was written by himself and Decker, to welcome the new monarch; and James was so much pleased with the beauty of the performance, or with the compliments paid to himself, that Jonson immediately became a favourite, and always enjoyed his patronage. An *Entertainment* is a sort of allegorical opera; in which the heathen deities, and personifications of the passions, are made to sing, dance, and carry on a dialogue. One of its chief attractions consisted in the splendour and variety of the scenery; and it was from this species of exhibition that the English theatre borrowed a

* Mem. p. lxx. lxxi.

t of its present apparatus. Jonson was very
riting *Entertainments;* and it was in them
t he displayed any originality or invention.
the year 1603, a comedy called *Eastward*
aining a reflection upon the Scotch, ex-
wrath of Sir James Murray, and was the
procuring the arrest of the authors. It
commonly related, that Jonson wrote a
ble part of the play; but, as a denial of
will give Mr. Gifford an opportunity of
his author a hero, he tells us, that the
ne from the pens of Marston and Chap-
that Jonson was little more than privy to
osition. Yet this, it is added, made him
sary before the fact;' and, though he was
ded in the arrest, he nobly resolved to
fortunes of his coadjutors, and 'VOLUN-
committed himself to prison.* Having
ed the romance, it was necessary to carry
h. A report got abroad, that the prison-
to lose their ears and noses;† and it has
, by most of Jonson's biographers, that he
willing to employ the influence of his
bout the court to solicit his discharge.
ld have tarnished his heroism; and we
efore, taught by Mr. Gifford, that his for-
s equal to his bravery, and that he pa-
ustained his self-imprisonment, until the
irous of sparing him, concluded to pardon
.‡ If Jonson was not 'molested,' how
in a situation to be spared? If he did not
y assist in writing the play, why should he
rily' imprison himself? And, if he 'volun-

. lxxiv.
lieve, that, in Jonson's own account, he makes use of the
Mr. Gifford gratuitously adds, 'i. e. slit;' and then
on to abuse all his predecessors for construing the word
nt manner. P. lxxiv. note.
. lxxvi.

tarily' imprisoned himself, why is it, that he could not voluntarily go about his business?*

To reinstate himself at court, he composed the splendid *Masque of Blackness*, in which the queen and all her ladies were the chief performers. He next produced the comedy of the *Fox*; which was dedicated to the two universities, and is said to have been received with applause. The cotemporaries of the author discovered in Volpone, a satire upon Sutton, the founder of the Charter House. Mr. Gifford 'wonders at the obliquity of intellect, which could detect the slightest resemblance;' and, by dint of round assertions, he contrives to show us, that, in some immaterial particulars, the two characters were not at all alike.

About this time, we are told, Jonson, 'by the aid of those *wiser guides*, who followed truth alone, made a solemn recantation of his errors, and was admitted into the bosom of the church.'† Drummond says, he swallowed a full cup of wine at the first communion. Mr. Gifford makes an abstract observation, 'that Jonson's feelings were always *strong*; and the *energy* of his character was *impressed* upon every act of his life.' Drummond is then sarcastically called Jonson's 'friend;' and the account is summed up with another general remark, 'that more wine was drank at the altar in our poet's days, than in ours.'‡ It is impossible to deny Mr. Gifford the praise of being an adroit biographer. When others write in general terms, he contrives to refute them, by making their assertions particular; and, when others are particular, he accomplish-

* Not long after his release, he was again imprisoned with Chapman, for the same or a similar play. Mr. D'Israeli has preserved a letter, which he wrote to the earl of Salisbury; and a more contrite and begging petition cannot well be conceived. The discovery happened most unfortunately for Jonson's martyrdom; but Mr. Gifford rejoices in the preservation of the letter, and 'transcribes it with pleasure.' p. 139. note.

† Mem. p. lxxxv. ‡ Ibid. p. lxxxvi.

same object, by resorting to general propo

e beginning of 1606, Jonson wrote the *Masque* *rriers*, to celebrate the marriage of the earl :x; and, in the same and the following years, iposed two entertainments for the king and The *Masque of Beauty*, a counterpart to *Blackness*, was acted in 1608, by the queen, nce, and the nobility of both sexes. It has ur or five pages, since Mr. Gifford found any to abuse; but Hume is now discovered to angely ignorant of the manners of those

07, the king 'expressed a wish' to dine with rchant taylors; and the merchant taylors, called a council, 'to advise and consult how thinge might be performede for the reputa- d credit of the company,' agreed to 'confer aster Benjamin Jonson, the poet, about a to be made to welcome his majestie, and usic and invencions, which may give lyking ight; by reason that the company doubt that hoolmasters and scholleres be not acquainted ch kinde of entertaynments.' Master Ben- ccordingly wrote some speeches for the nt taylors; and they were delivered in the chamber, on the 16th day of July, 1607.

well known,' says Jonson's last biographer, ir author received periodical sums, not only ıblic bodies, but from several of the nobility ıtry; these, it has been said, were not be- as free gifts, or as honourable testimonies of erior talents, but extorted from reluctant y the dread of satire. This is *mera æruge*. er active malice of his most determined ene- s hitherto been unable to discover, either in ks, or in those of others, a single syllable to

* Mem. p. xc.

justify the infamous calumny.'* These are the mild expressions which Mr. Gifford uses, upon this oc sion. Both text and notes are disfigured with ma of his editorial ire. He is angry, precisely beca he has no reason to be; and he grows confide just in proportion as he is in want of proof. I body ever supposed, that Jonson's revenues w the fruit of his satire; but it is very certain, t there is more than one 'syllable in his own writin to justify the story, which Mr. Gifford has taken deeply to heart. When Jonson's tierce of sack w on one occasion, delayed beyond the appoint time, he sent an epigram for it: the cask made appearance in good time; and the reader will p ceive, from the language of his cartel, that the thor was neither unconscious of his power, nor v reluctant to exercise it.

TO THE HOUSE-HOLD. 1630.

What can be the cause, when the king has given
His poet sack, the household will not pay?
Are they so scanted in their store? or driven,
For want of knowing the poet, to say him nay?
Well they should know him, would the king but grant
His poet leave to sing his household true;
He'd frame such ditties of their store, and want,
Would make the very green cloth to look blue:
And rather wish in their expense of sack,
So the allowance of the king to use,
As the old bard should no canary lack,
'Twere better spare a butt than spite his muse.
For in the genius of the poet's verse
The king's fame lives. Go now, denie his tierce.

In 1608, Jonson wrote a *Masque* to celebrate t marriage of Lord Haddington: his *Masque of Que* and comedy of the *Silent Woman* appeared in 160 and the *Masque of Oberon*, the *Barriers*, and t

* Mem. p. xcii. xciii.

edy of the *Alchemist* followed in 1610. The edy of *Cataline* was produced in the following . Mr. Malone tells us, that this play was nned;' and Mr. Davies adds, that we know the 'from the author's own testimony.' Mr. Gifford , 'we know no such thing;' but, then, 'Jonson ently took a strange kind of pleasure in exag- ting the opposition which he experienced;' 'it is not necessary to praise his conduct in this nce.'*

bout this same time, Jonson was engaged in ishing what is called *Coryat's Crudities;* a far- of odd poetry; raked together for the express ose of making Prince Henry laugh. In the wing year, he is supposed to have written some ques, which appear, for the first time, in a folio is works published in 1616. In 1613, he went aris; where Cardinal du Perron, as a compli- t to his learning, showed him his translation of il. Jonson told him, at once, that 'it was ght;' and some of his biographers have called an uncivil return: but Mr. Gifford says, it shows author's 'integrity.' Besides, 'Du Perron was nfirmed bigot, and, at this period, actively en- ed in undermining the liberties of the Gallican rch.'† How could such a man write a good slation of Virgil?

1614, Jonson produced the comedy of *Bar- mew Fair;* and, two years afterwards, the co- ly of the *Devil's an Ass*. He seems now to have litated a complete edition of his works; and, in year, a folio volume was published, containing, des his tragedies, comedies, masques, and en- ainments, the first book of his *Epigrams*, and the ection of poems, called the *Forest*. The second ime did not appear until after his death; and.

* Mem. p xeviii. † Ibid. p. c.

in the execution, is said to have been a wr
counterpart to the first.

In the beginning of the year 1616, King
created Jonson poet laureate, with a salary, fi
of one hundred marks. It was now that po
Ben, after escaping from the envious consp
of all his other cotemporaries, became obnoxi
the 'unhappy jealousy of Daniel,' who had en
under Elizabeth, the honorary title of poet lau
Indeed 'it is a subject of sincere regret,' sa
Gifford, 'that many of the latter days of this
ble poet, and virtuous man, should be overca
unavailing gloom,' and 'that he should indul
feeling of resentment' because Jonson was rai
an office which, in reality, had never before e
Jonson's own conduct, on the other hand, is p
in the most amiable colours; and he is once
set before us, as the innocent victim of unm
hostility.* The reader will find nothing of
any other book; and, perhaps, it is by such
veries that Mr. Gifford thinks he has entitled
self to tell us, that we have hitherto 'been im
upon by the grossest fabrications.'

Having thus exposed his hero to the impl
resentment of Daniel, our editor's next care
subject him to the treacherous friendship of D
mond. In the summer of 1618, Jonson 'determ
for some reason or other, to travel into Sco
How long he was gone, it is not known; b
spent the month of April, 1619, with William D
mond, at Hawthornden. Drummond took no
the conversations which passed between his
and himself. They turned chiefly upon cot
rary authors; and, as Drummond's distance
London prevented him from making person
servations upon his brother poets, he was unc

* Mem. p. cxii.

as to obtain the information even at se-
from one of their number. It is confessed
t his notes were designed merely for his
nd were never intended to see the light.
published, however, after his decease;—
ader can form no idea of the abuse, with
Gifford pursues his memory, for a crime
when he was in his grave. He calls him
prey,' 'an artificer of fraud,' and many
gs equally infamous. Not a word of his
nsayed; nor does Mr. Gifford ever deny,
rtrait of Jonson is not to the life. That
entirely dropped; and, while our moral-
be clearing his hero from accusations, he
time in heaping accusations upon others.
nd's conduct is represented as doubly
s; for, as some say, Jonson went to Scot-
y to see the poet of Hawthorndon; and,
, he staid nearly a month as a guest in
He could not help forming his opinion
and, because he chose to commit that
writing, while it was yet fresh in his
t without the least intention of giving it
ld,—his conduct is stigmatized by Mr.
the 'blackest perfidy.' There is some
believe, however, that Jonson was not an
uest under the roof of Drummond. He
t nearly a year; and, though it seems to
convenient to represent the enterprize
a brother poet, only a small portion of
as spent with Drummond. The rest was
in visits to the nobility and gentry of
We know not whence Jonson derived
for travelling, unless it were from the
would not have been a miracle, if a Scotch
t a distance from his country, should wish
ow he stood in the minds of the people,
had left behind; nor was this the only
pilgrimage into that country, which

occasioned gossip under the reign of James I. But, what is the strongest circumstance of all,—after Jonson had escaped from the enchanted castle of Hawthorndon, his Benengeli informs us, that he despatched an epistle to the giant, Drummond; in which, among other things, he says, that the 'king (thank God) professed some joy to see him,' and that 'his *reports* were not unacceptable to his majesty.'* It would seem, then, that, instead of being a guest in Drummond's house, he was a spy upon his actions; and that all we hear of his 'opening his heart with the most unreserved freedom,' was only a device to render his host more communicative.

We are equally at a loss with Mr. Gifford, to see why Drummond should have been such an enemy to Jonson; and, instead of supposing this circumstance to exaggerate his crime, we should rather make it a reason for doubting the fact. That Drummond was *not* his enemy, will appear from two letters which he wrote to him, after his departure:—

'Worthy Friend,

'The uncertainty of your abode was the cause of my silence—I have adventured this packet upon hopes that a man so famous cannot be in any place either of the city or court, where he shall not be found out. In my last, &c.

'July 1, 1619.'

Again:—

'Sir,

'Here you have that epigram, which you desired, with another of the like argument. If there be any other thing in this country, which my power can

* Giff. vol. i. p. cxxxii.

ıch, command: there is nothing I wish more than be in the catalogue of them that love you.* I ve heard from court that the late masque was not approved of the king, as in former times, and ıt your absence was regretted. Such applause h true worth even of those who are otherwise : for it. Thus, to the next occasion, taking my ve. I remain,

'Your loving friend,
'W. D.'

Soon after his return from Scotland, Jonson was ited to Oxford by his friend Dr. Corbet; and, the 19th day of July, 1619, the university con- red upon him the degree of master of arts. ood says, he wrote plays, while at Oxford. Mr. Ford denies the fact; but he admits, that several his masques were composed about this period. was about the same time, too, that he lost by fire, ommentary upon Aristotle's Poetics, his Gram- r, his Journey into Scotland, several manuscript mas, an unfinished Life of Henry V., the Rape Proserpine, three books of poetry upon women, l a vast body of notes, which had been accumu- ng for more than twenty years. He revenged self by writing an *Execration upon Vulcan;* in ich he alternately abuses and expostulates with god of fire, for burning what, in his own opi- n, was by no means worthy of the flames.

Had I foreknown of this thy least desire
T' have held a triumph, or a feast of fire,
Especially in paper; that that steame
Had tickled your large nostril; many a reame
To reedeeme mine, I had sent enough,
Thou should'st have cried, and all beene proper stuff:

'Hypocrite to the last!' says Mr. Gifford; who gives these rs with abundance of annotation in the same spirit, p. cxxxiii. y.

> The Talmud, and the Alcoran had come,
> With pieces of the legend; the whole summe
> Of errant knighthood, with the dames, and dwarfs:
> The charmed boats, and the enchanted wharfs,
> The Tristrams, Lane'lots, Turperis, and the peers
> All the madde Rolands, and sweet Oliveers, &c.

Jonson was now masque-maker for the kir all his court. Among other performances, he the *Masque of Gipsies*, in 1621, which so p the king, that he not only granted him in reve the office of master of the revels,—but wa paring to bestow upon him the order of knight 'Jonson,' says Mr. Gifford, 'for whom wealt title had no charms, and who was well aware distinction of this nature would exasperate the which pursued him from his earliest years, s from the meditated kindness of his sovereign prevailed on some of his friends to dissuad royal master from his purpose,'* Thus, the whose whole life had been a struggle for di tion, and a war upon the opinions of the age, i represented as looking upon titles with cont and refusing to avail himself of his own goo tune, lest he should excite the envy of his c poraries. We know not what reason he h avoiding the honour; but we have no doubt he was more afraid of ridicule than envy.† I been one of his humours to modify the orthog of his name. To be dubbed *Sir Ben*, would

* Mem. p. exliii.

† The conclusion of his petition to his majesty will sho little he cared for the envy of his cotemporaries:—

> Please your majestie to make
> Of your grace, for goodness' sake
> Those your father's marks, your pounds;
> Let their spite (which now abounds)
> Then goe on, and doe its worst
> This would all their envy burst; &c

ridiculous; and *Sir Benjamin* was far too long
atriarchal.
.623, our author, in conjunction with Inago
, composed the masque of *Time Vindicated;*
wo years afterwards, that of *Pan's Anniver-*
For about ten years, he had been chiefly em-
l in this species of composition; and so greatly
e prefer it to the ordinary drama, that he
almost to have forgotten, that there was such
e as a stage. Disease and want contributed
esh his memory; and it was about this time,
e wrote the comedy, called the *Staple of*
This may have afforded him partial relief;
e fountain of his resources was dried up:—
was no more; and, though his successor was,
means, inimical to the poet; yet there is a
nsity in our nature to fly from a declining
e, and Jonson saw himself gradually sink into
ct. At length, he produced another comedy,
ew Inn; which, though driven from the stage,
ned a hint to Charles, that awakened his be-
ence, and induced him to send the author 100
s. He received, in return, three several
of most elaborate flattery; and, at last, a
m 'to the best of monarchs, masters, men,
e would be pleased to make the 100 marks of
ther 100 pounds.' The king was not only
d to do this; but to grant him, besides, a
tierce of Canary wine from his own cellar.
son composed the masque of *Jophiel* in 1626;
at of the *Fortunate Isles*, in 1627. He seems
e written nothing more till 1630; when the
commanded him, in conjunction with Inago
to prepare the usual entertainments for the
ear. The first was *Love's Triumph through*
olis; and the second *Chlorida*. When the
was published, the name of Jonson preceded
f Jones; and Mr. Gifford, who, by an occa-
censure upon the latter, had, like a skilful

novelist, been long preparing to treat hin
outrageous abuse, is now ready to inform u
merely because his own name was not befo
of his coadjutor, in the title-page of an eph
entertainment, he suddenly became Jonson'
determined enemy, and made every exert
frustrate his hopes, and displace him in the
of the king. He is said to have been the m
intercepting the patronage of the court, a
stopping a salary of 100 nobles, which had
given him by the city. Indeed, the poor ar
is obliged to sustain the blame of all Jonson's r
tunes; and, if we were to believe Mr. Giff
more malicious and cruel being never existed

The violence of our editor's language in
us to examine the subject; and we have foun
Inago Jones was not only free from malice an
elty,—but that the avarice of praise, the env
the ingratitude, which are laid at his own do
long, in fact, to the humble and unoffending J
In the entertainments, which they had com
together, Jonson prepared the dialogue, and
the scenery. The former wrote the prefaces,
they were printed; and he not only thinks
cessary to apologize for giving Jones his dese
but seems to be continually in fear, lest he
yield him more than his due. Thus, i
preface to one, he says, 'the device of their
was master Jones', with the invention and ar
ture of the whole scene and machine; *only*
scribed them their properties of vipers, s
bones, herbs, &c.' Every word seems to
with a grudge. In another preface he gives
credit for the same things; and then adds
which I willingly acknowledge in him; since
virtue planted in good natures, that what re
they wish to obtain fruitfully of others, the
give ingenuously themselves.' It must be
lected, that Jonson was almost the first, and th

ı this species of composition. It had been his lory to compose a good entertainment; and there as nothing in his nature to prevent him from look-ıg with an evil eye, upon any invasion of his pro-ince. In the preface to *Coryat's Crudities*, Jones ad shown himself capable of writing verse; and, ı Jonson now found himself disabled and super-uated, he was afraid, that his coadjutor would ıpersede him in the poetical department. Being ld, and sick, he was consequently peevish; and it is rident, from the following lines, that, had Jones ept to his architecture, he would never have fallen nder the lash:—

From an Expostulation with Jones.

> What is the cause you pomp it so, I ask,
> And all men say you have made a masque.

gain:—

> Pack with your piddling poetry to the stage,
> This is the money got, mechanic age.

nd a little further:—

> He is, or would be, the main *Dominus-De-All* of the work, &c.

› in an epigram upon him, he says,

> If thou be so desirous to be read, &c.

Having sufficiently vilified Inago Jones, Mr. Gif-rd next takes Dryden in hand. In 1632, Jonson roduced the *Magnetic Lady*;* and, in the follow-

* In the Harleian MSS. there is a letter from a Mr. Pory to Sir h. Pickering, Sept. 20, 1632; in which this play is thus men-med: 'Ben Jonson, who I thought had been dead, has written a ay against next term, called the *Magnetic Lady*.' Gifft. vol. i. p. 6.

ing year, the *Tale of the Tub*. It is agreed by all, even by Mr. Gifford, that these plays are comparatively worthless; and Dryden called them, what they certainly were, the 'dotages' of the author. Mr. Gifford takes the observation for an insult; and tells us, that 'there is a want of generosity in this triumph over the poet's declining years.'* With the exception of Mr. D'Israeli and Mr. Lamb,—the first of whom has rendered our poet considerable service, and the second has bent the knee with him to Jonson,—we believe, there is not a name introduced into this volume for any other purpose than to be abused.

Jonson was now upon a rapid decline, in every respect; and it is impossible to read his letters, and not pity his situation. He writes to his patron, the Earl of Newcastle:—

'My noblest Lord, and best Patron,

I send no borrowing epistle to provoke your lordship, for I have neither fortune to repay, nor security to engage, that will be taken: but I make a most humble petition to your lordship's bounty to succour my present necessities this good time [festival] of Easter, and it shall conclude all begging requests hereafter on the behalf of

Your truest beadsman and
Most thankful servant,
B. J.'

About the same time, he sent a similar petition, in verse, to the Lord Treasurer Western. His applications were not in vain; and, we are told, that assistance soon reached him from various quarters. He received, also, several complimentary verses, from the admirers of his talents; and these well-timed flatteries, together with a request from New-

* Mem. p. clxvii.

: to have a copy of the verses, seem to have
ı him a moment of cheerfulness and hope. He
answers the Earl of Newcastle's request :—

noblest Lord, and my Patron by excellence,
ave here obeyed your commands, and sent
. packet of my own praises; which I should
ave done, if I had any stock of modesty in
:—but 'obedience is better than sacrifice'—
'ou command it. I am now like an old bank-
in wit, that am driven to pay debts on my
ls' credit; and, for want of satisfying letters,
bscribe bills of exchange.

Your devoted

BEN JONSON.

ı Feb. 1632.

ıe Right Hon. the Earl of Newcastle.

om another letter to the same person, we learn
he was employed upon some new book, which
ɔrobably lost by the carelessness of those who
.ged his affairs, after his death :—

Lord,
ıe faith of a fast friend with the duties of an
ɔle servant, and the hearty prayers of a reli-
ı beadsman, all kindled upon this altar to your
ur, my honourable lady, your hopeful issue,
your right noble brother, be ever my sacri-

t is the lewd printer's fault that I can send
lordship no more of my book. I sent you
piece before the fair by Mr. Wetherington,
ıow I send you this other morsel. The fine
leman that walks the town; the Fiend; but
'e he will perfect the rest, I fear, he will come
elf to be a part under the title of absolute
e, which he hath played with me.

'My printer and I shall afford subject e
for a tragi-comedy; for, with his delays and
tion, I am almost become blind; and, if Hea
so just, in the metamorphosis, to turn him int
creature which he most resembles, a dog
bell to lead me between Whitehall and my
ing, I may bid the world good night.

'And so I do.

BEN JONS

'To the Earl of Newcastle.'

He had always laboured under a scorbutic
tion, and a tendency to dropsy. In 1625, he re
a stroke of the palsy; and, though he rec
from the first shock, he was never after s
as before. He survived more than ten years;
was rather dying than living. Mr. Gifford
not even relate this part of the story wit
quarrel. Wood says, he was told by Dr. G
Morley, Bishop of Winchester, that, in his las
ness, Jonson repented of having profaned the
tures in his plays.* Dr. Morley attended hi
ing his last sickness; and, one should suppos
he had a better opportunity, than Mr. Giff
knowing whether this was the fact. Yet the
thinks 'it is proper to observe, that the mem
the good Isaac Watson, (who gives us this p
the bishop's conversation,) must have de
him in this place. Jonson,' it is added, '
profanations in his plays: He has, indeed, p
tions of the sacred name, and of these he di
to repent with horror.'† Half is confessed al

* Ath. Ox. Vol. i. p. 610.

† Mem. p. clxxiv. &c. In another place, Mr. Gifford t
has sufficiently answered this charge by calling Shakespe
coryphæus of profanation. Like his own Hal,' says he, 'h
to *damnable situation*.' This is on the very page, which
the one, in which he is smitten with such horror at the ex
'by G—d so!' P. clxxxvi.

l, if the reader will examine our author's plays, will find the whole to be true.

onson died on the 6th of August, 1637; and, on 9th, he was interred in Westminster Abbey. A ramon pavement stone was laid over his grave; l the only epitaph is—O RARE BEN JONSON! Mr. almers thought this irreverent. Mr. Gifford s, it is no such thing; for, as he began the Life h controversy, it would be a pity, if he should nclude it in peace. A scheme was once set on t to give our author a better monument; but s scheme, with many others, was subverted by the il wars. His friends, too, intended to raise him a s perishable memorial, by writing elegies on his ath; which were collected into a volume, under e title of JONSONUS VERBIUS; but, we are afraid, e pavement-stone has outlived the book. Sir hn Young, of Great Melton, of Oxfordshire, famirly called Jack Young, by Aubrey, happening to s through Westminster Abbey, felt scandalized, at so great a man should be covered with a blank ne; and accordingly gave a workman eighteen nce to cut out the words, which we have just nscribed. The Earl of Oxford has since given n a bust in the Poet's Corner; and he thought ung's inscription a sufficient epitaph.

Jonson left behind him an unfinished pastoral ma, called the *Sad Shepherd*,—the plot and ening of a tragedy upon *Mortimer*, the Earl of rch,—the *Discoveries*,—and a *Grammar* of the glish language: the two latter of which are said to remarkable for the spirit of accuracy and judgnt, with which they are written. The dates of minor poems are unknown. He tells us himf, that the *Underwoods* were 'of a later growth' n the *Forest*; and that the *Epigrams* were 'the est of his studies.'* We know not why Mr.

* He says, in the beginning of the *Forest*, that he was already wing old;' *and yet Mr. Gifford*, to prove, that he was not slow

Chalmers should begin with the *Underwoods;* insert the *Epigrams* in the middle, and place the *Forest* at the end.

Our author's family had all gone before him. His wife died some time after his return from Scotland; and most of his children departed young.

Jonson's face had always been disfigured with a scorbutic affection; and, we have already seen, that his body was huge and mishapen.* Mr. Gifford maintains, to the last, that he was 'a personable man;' and he takes pleasure in repeating, that Randolph and others have traced a resemblance between Jonson and Minander. But, 'we are not left,' he adds, in triumph, 'to contending reports, as many portraits were taken of him in his own time, several of which have come down to us sufficiently perfect to show that his features were neither irregular nor unpleasing.'† There is no disputing about tastes; but, if our readers could only see the engraving, which is put at the head of this volume, we think they would agree with us.

in composition, is not ashamed to assert, that, at the age of twenty-three, 'he had written several of his masques and entertainments, and *almost the whole of his Epigrams*:' he had translated Horace, and, as it would seem, Aristotle's Poetics, and prepared a voluminous body of notes to illustrate them: he had made prodigious collections in theology, history, from the best writers, and, perhaps, drawn up his Grammar.'—P. lxxx. All this is said in the mere wantonness of contradiction. We have just seen, that, according to Jonson's own testimony, his Epigrams were his latest productions. His 'translation of Horace' was just one-sixteenth of that poet's works. If he translated Aristotle's Poetics, he acknowledges assistance from Carew, Cotton, and Selden; and, as to the numerous body of notes, we confess we never heard of them before. The word 'prodigious,' applied to his collections, could only have been thrown in for the sake of a swelling assertion. As these collections were destroyed by fire, nobody knows whether they were greater or smaller; and, with respect to the *Grammar*, Mr. Gifford tells us, in another place, that it was not complete at his death.—P. clxviii.

* In his Epistle to Lady Covell, he says, his weight is 'twenty stone within two pounds;' and that he never approached his friends but to break their chairs, and crack their carriages.

† Mem. p. clxxvi.

ion could scarcely frame a countenance
regular, and morose.
ifford, too, Jonson is an angel in mind
dy. Whalley had observed, that 'his
as reserved and saturnine.' 'This,'
ord, 'is contradicted by the whole te-
life.'* We know not how our editor
ell acquainted with the whole tenor of
we suppose Fuller must be under a
e, when he tells us, that Jonson would
arned company, and 'suck in (besides
everal humours into his observation.'†
thought, that 'he was, moreover, not
essed with the gloom of a splenetic
and, as an instance,' he adds, 'he told
that he had lain a whole night fancying
Carthagenians and Romans fighting on
.' Mr. Gifford says, 'he told Drum-
h thing, 'as an instance.' It is seldom
of this editor to contradict, what it is
state. Mr. Whalley does not say, that
this story, as an instance of his own
position. He first makes a general re-
hen, by way of illustration, adduces
told Drummond.
genius of Mr. Gifford does not desert
occasion. Jonson had been accused of
or low company. His editor answers,
acquainted with all the great men of
has, also, been said, that he was ad-
vulgarity of dialect.' Mr. Gifford tells
s language was most 'scrupulously ac-
e charge of drunkenness was not so
ved; and our editor, therefore, adopts
uitous mode of evasion. In the first

, also, been accused of profaneness in his converse
ord again applies the universal remedy: 'It is con-
whole tenour of his life.'—P. clxxx.
Westm. p. 24.

place, he admits, 'that Jonson was fond, too fond, if the reader pleases, of good wine and good company.' 'But so,' he tells us, 'were many of the most wise and virtuous of his cotemporaries.' Then we are to believe, that the whole charge depends upon a passage in one of Jonson's plays; and, having shown, that his language will not warrant such an inference, the editor leaves us to conclude, that the story is altogether without foundation. We have already made our readers acquainted with this device. The cotemporaries of Jonson, and not his own writings merely, are the witnesses of his addiction to Canary. A club, called the Tribe of Ben, was accustomed to meet at the Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar; where they had a room, by themselves, called the Apollo; over the mantle of which were written the laws of conviviality and license. All their potations were forsworn; and, as 'the energy of Jonson's character was impressed on every act of his life,' it is not likely, that he scandalized his companions by leaving the room sober. Aubrey says, that, at the breaking up, 'he would tumble home to bed;' and, after a thorough perspiration, sit down to study in an antique chair of straw—'such as old women used, and Aulus Gellius is drawn in.'

If we were to believe Mr. Gifford, there never was a being so sociable, so candid, so generous, so unsuspecting, or so influential as Jonson. 'He had the faculty,' says the inspired biographer, 'of endearing himself to all who approached him. To say nothing of the distinguished characters of both sexes with whom he had grown old in a constant intercourse of friendship and familiarity, the men of genius and talents who succeeded them, the hope and pride of the coming age, all flocked to Jonson, all aspired to become his 'sons,' all looked to him for encouragement and advice, and all boasted of the pleasure and advantage derived from

ociety.'* Never were fact and assertion at a er distance from each other. The only proof is universal 'flocking,' is, that Sheffield used ast of having been taken to see Jonson; and, ı Mr. Gifford tells us, that 'all aspired' to be- : members of the Tribe of Ben, the reader simply understand, that, among Jonson's s, there are some lines upon the only applica- for the purpose, of which we have any ac- t. It will be recollected, that Mr. Gifford not pretend to dispute the truth of Jonson's ıcter, as drawn by Drummond; and, our read- nust judge for themselves, whether a person ıe following description could be so amiable attractive as the editor would have us be-

en Jonson,' says Drummond, 'was a great lover ɔraiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of 's; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; us of every word and action of those about especially after drink, which is one of the ele- s in which he lived: a dissembler of the parts h reigned in him; a bragger of some good he wanted; thinketh nothing well done but he himself or some of his friends have said or . He is passionately kind and angry, careless r to gain or keep; vindictive, but, if he be answered, at himself; interprets best sayings leeds often to the worst.' This character was ı, on the spot, by a cotemporary and an eye- ɜss; and it is corroborated, not only by the ngs,† but by all the cotemporaries, of our au-

Mr. Gifford quotes a sentence of Clarendon, ıich he says, that 'Jonson's conversation was

em. p. cxlii.

† It hath been question'd, Michael, if I be
A friend at all; &c.

Epistle to Drayton.

the enemy, of such a man. He was, at associate of Marston and Decker; then be most violent enemy; and, at last, made fi them again. In like manner, he quarr Jones; and Fuller tells us, that he was a his own household.

'Many (says the same author) were th bats between him and Shakespeare; w beheld like a Spanish great gallion, and man of war. Master Jonson, like the fo built far higher in learning; solid, but performances. Shakespeare, with the E of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sail turn with all tides, and take advantage o by the quickness of his wit and inventio bestowed some well-meant verses upo peare, after his death; but he is said to no friend to him, while living. The two not at all alike, either in the characte minds, or in the style of their writing undertook a thorough reform of those c and absurdities, to which Shakespeare compliance with the taste of the age; a Gifford maintains, that, in none of those

ntly degenerates into raillery. His predominant
acteristic is a strong, masculine sense, com-
sed into the shortest and most direct modes of
ression. But, in labouring to be concise, he some-
s becomes unintelligible: if he is strong, he
so rough; and, while he thinks he is only going
e plain, he not unfrequently becomes coarse.
poems every where exhibit the traces of elabo-
on and art. They are the forced productions of
rid soil; the offspring of unwearied diligence
cultivation. He does not, at the beginning of
e, appear to know what will be its end. His
uage is squeezed out with the utmost difficul-
and only one word seems to come at a time.
had always an eye upon Horace or Juvenal;
, notwithstanding the difference between the
ms of Latin and English, it was his aim to make
nslation occupy the same space with the origi-
He seems to have had little idea of harmony;
lse it is to his overweening desire of imitating
ancients, that we must attribute those frequent
s in his lines, which always render English poe-
so harsh and discordant. Who, for instance,
ld long read such verses as these?

> Lesse must not be thought on thy mistresse: or
> If it be thought, killed like her embrions; for, &c.

in,—

Take an instance from the Art of Poetry:—

> If to a woman's head a painter would
> Set a horse-neck, and divers feathers fold
> On every limbe, ta'en from a severale creature,
> Presenting upwards a fair female feature
> Which in some swarthier fish unseemly ends, &c.
>
> *Translation.*

Horace, this description occupies four lines; but these lines
ad of ten, contain fifteen syllables.

> Let pause nobilitie be virtuous: we,
> Descended in a rope of titles, be
> From Guy, or Bevis, Arthur, or from whom
> The herald will. Our blood is now become
> Past any need of virtue. Let them care, &c.

But his poetry is not all so bad as this; and, notwithstanding its general appearance of hardness he has occasionally written a stanza, which would not have grated even upon the ears of Pope. Thus in an elegy to some unknown beauty, he tells how she has restored the God of Love to man:—

> His tilting temples you have rear'd
> The withered garlands tane away;
> His altars kept from the decay,
> That envie wished, and nature feared.

Again, of the same eternal deity:—

> Such are his powers, whom time hath stil'd,
> Now swift, now slow, now tame, now wild;
> Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild;
> The eldest god, yet still a child.

The voice of Lady Venetia Digby:—

> The voice so sweet, the words so faire,
> As some soft chime had strook'd the ayre:
> And, though the sound were parted thence,
> Still left an echo in the sense.

Greatness:—

> No! he must feel and know, that will advance,
> Men have been great, but never good by chance.

To John Donne:—

Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remains so yet.

woman's defence of female inconstancy:—

Hang up those dull and envious fooles
That talk abroad of woman's change,
We were not bred to sit on stooles,
Our proper virtue is to range:
Take that away, you take our lives,
We are no women then, but wives.*

The reader takes but little pleasure in the frigid curacy of Jonson's poems. He does not appear have been capable of a brilliant thought; and reads page after page of his exact verses, with- meeting any thing, which strikes, or warms, or mates him. Nothing springs of its own accord; l, whenever we find an original idea, it is gene- ly a conceit. An Italian author, in a poem upon onis, tells his readers, that the boar was capti- ed with his beauty, and only drove a tusk into groin, because he had no other way to show his e.† Jonson, in an epistle to Penshurst, tells

Here is a distinction, which will not, perhaps, be recognised ll. There is another in the following line, which will hardly een by any. It is the last of a long didactic epode; and is ted in italics, to render it more forcible:—

Men may securely sinne, but safely never.

Shakespeare has the opposite conceit. He would make Ado- fall in love with the boar:—

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will I know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it,' &c.

Venus and Adonis.

owards the close of the poem, however, the beasts of the field, fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea, are all made to be ena- ured of him. The boar is not excepted:—

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;
He ran upon the boar with his sharp speare,

him, that the partridges in his field are 'willing be killed' for his sake; that the 'fat aged car run voluntarily into his net; that the eels leap shore to be caught; and that pikes, weary of eat their own kind, officiously betray themselves to fishermen. Juvenal's pimp tells the emperor same thing of the turbot: *ipse capi voluit*. S English poet, to express the intenseness of grief, at the death of a friend, said, that he wept himself into a monument. Jonson carries idea one step farther; and calls upon Fame tc grave an epitaph upon him.* But the most l crous thought of this kind, is in the following upon Sir Kenelme Digby —

> His breast is a brave palace, a broad street,
> Where all heroic ample thoughts do meet;
> Where nature such a large survey hath ta'en,
> As other souls to his dwelt in a lane:
> *Witness his action done at Scanderone,*
> *Upon my birth day, the eleventh of June.*

We have a string of little poems, which the thor has numbered consecutively, and brought der the head of *Epigrams*. They have no o title to the name. Few have the point, whic essential to an epigram; and some, instead of bracing three or four nervous lines, are exter over whole pages. This is to call a bodkin, a dle; to make 'a flash of powder burn all c Many of these poems are not fit to be stylec epigram, or any thing else. But they cost n labour; and, what is produced with difficulty,

> Who would not whet his tusk at him again,
> But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
> And muzzling in his flank, the loving swine
> Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin.

* *Elegy* to Lady Anne Rowlet.

loth to let die. For what other reason should a an wish to preserve such lines as these?

EPIG. XLVIII.

On Mungril Esquire.

His bought armes Mung' not lik'd; for his first day
Of bearing them in field, he threw 'hem away:
And hath no honour lost, our due'llists say.

UNDER-WOODS.

CONSISTING OF DIVERS POEMS.

UNDER-WOODS.

TO THE READER.

WITH the same leave the ancients called that kind of body Sylva, or ὕλη, in which there were workes of divers nature, and matter congested; as the multitude call timber-trees, promiscuously growing, a wood or forrest: so am I bold to entitle these lesser poems, of later growth, by this of Under-wood, out of the analogie they hold to the Forrest, in my former booke, and no otherwise.

BEN JONSON.

THE SINNER'S SACRIFICE

TO THE HOLY TRINITIE.

O HOLY, blessed, glorious Trinitie
Of persons, still one God, in unitie,
The faithfull man's beleeved mysterie,
Helpe, helpe to lift

My selfe up to thee, harrow'd, torne, and bruis'd
By sinne, and Sathan; and my flesh misus'd,
As my heart lies in peeces, all confus'd,
O take my gift.

All-gracious God, the sinner's sacrifice,
A broken heart thou wert not wont despise,
But 'bove the fat of rammes, or bulls, to prize
An offering meet,

For thy acceptance, O, behold me right,
And take compassion on my grievous plight.
What odour can be, then a heart contrite,
To thee more sweet?

Eternall Father, God, who did'st create
This All of nothing, gavest it forme, and fate,
And breath'd into it, life, and light, with state
To worship thee.

Eternall God the Sonne, who not denyd'st
To take our nature; becam'st man, and dyd'st,
Ty pay our debts, upon thy crosse, and cryd'st,
"All's done in me."

Eternall Spirit, God from both proceeding,
Father and Sonne; the comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in man: with fiery zeale them feeding
For acts of grace.

Increase those acts, ô glorious Trinitie
Of persons, still one God in Unitie;
Till I attaine the long'd-for mysterie
Of seeing your face.

Beholding one in three, and three in one,
A Trinitie, to shine in unitie;
The gladdest light, darke man can thinke upon;
O grant it me!

Father, and Sonne, and Holy Ghost, you three
All coeternall in your majestie,
Distinct in persons, yet in unitie
One God to see.

My Maker, Saviour, and my sanctifier.
To heare, to meditate, sweeten my desire,
With grace, with love, with cherishing intire,
O, then how blest;

Among thy saints elected to abide,
And with thy angels placed side by side,
But in thy presence, truly glorified
Shall I there rest?

A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS.

HIS EXCUSE FOR LOVING.

Let it not your wonder move,
Lesse your laughter, that I love.
Though I now write fiftie yeares,
I have had, and have my peeres;
Poets, though devine, are men:
Some have lov'd as old agen.
And it is not alwayes face,
Clothes, or fortune, gives the grace;
Or the feature, or the youth:
But the language, and the truth,
With the ardour, and the passion,
Gives the lover weight and fashion.

If you then will read the storie,
First, prepare you to be sorie,
That you never knew till now,
Either whom to love, or how:
But be glad, as soone with me,
When you know, that this is she,
Of whose beautie it was sung,
She shall make the old man young,
Keepe the middle age at stay,
And let nothing high decay,
Till she be the reason why,
All the world for love may die.

CHARIS' TRIUMPH.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
  Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that drawes is a swan, or a dove,
  And well the carre Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
                Unto her beauty;
And, enamour'd, doe wish so they might
                But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whether she

Doe but looke on her eyes, they doe light
  All that Love's world compriseth!
Doe but looke on her haire, it is bright
  As Love's starre when it riseth!
Doe but marke, her forehead's smoother
                Then words that sooth her

And from her arched browes, such a grace
Sheds it selfe through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gaine, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lillie grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
Before the soyle hath smutch'd it?
Ha' you felt the wooll of bever?
Or swan's downe ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

HIS DISCOURSE WITH CUPID.

Noblest Charis, you that are
Both my fortune and my starre!
And doe governe more my blood,
Then the various Moone the flood!
Hearc, what late discourse of you,
Love and I have had; and true.
'Mongst my Muses finding me,
Where he chanc't your name to see
Set, and to this softer straine;
"Sure," said he, "if I have braine,
This here sung can be no other,
By description, but my mother!
So hath Homer prais'd her haire;

So Anacreon drawne the ayre
Of her face, and made to rise,
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her browes, bent like my bow.
By her lookes I doe her know,
Which you call my shafts. And see!
Such my mother's blushes be,
As the bath your verse discloses
In her cheekes, of milke and roses;
Such as oft I wanton in.
And, above her even chin,
Have you plac'd the banke of kisses,
Where you say, men gather blisses,
Rip'ned with a breath more sweet,
Than when flowers and west-winds meet.
Nay, her white and polish'd neck,
With the lace that doth it deck,
Is my mother's! hearts of slaine
Lovers, made into a chaine!
And betweene each rising breast
Lyes the valley, cal'd my nest,
Where I sit and proyne my wings
After flight; and put new stings
To my shafts! Her very name,
With my mother's is the same."—
"I confesse all," I replide,
"And the glasse hangs by her side,
And the girdle 'bout her waiste,
All is Venus: save unchaste.
But, alas! thou seest the least
Of her good, who is the best
Of her sex; but could'st thou, Love,
Call to minde the formes, that strove
For the apple, and those three
Make in one, the same were shee.

For this beauty yet doth hide
Something more then thou hast spi'd.
Outward grace weake love beguiles:
Shee is Venus when she smiles,
But shee' Juno when she walkes,
And Minerva when she talkes."

BEGGING A SECOND, ON COLOUR OF MENDING THE FORMER.

For Love's sake kisse me once againe,
I long, and should not beg in vaine,
Here's none to spie or see;
Why doe you doubt or stay?
I'le taste as lightly as the bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.

Once more, and (faith) I will be gone.
Can he that loves aske lesse then one?
Nay, you may erre in this,
And all your bountie wrong:
This could be call'd but halfe a kisse.
That w'are but once to doe, we should doe long.

I will but mend the last, and tell
Where, how, it would have relish'd well;
Joyne lip to lip, and try:
Each suck other's breath,
And whilst our tongues perplexed lie,
Let who will thinke us dead, or wish our death

HER MAN DESCRIBED BY HER OWN DICTAMEN.

Or your trouble, Ben, to ease me,
I will tell what man would please me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble; or of greater blood:
Titles, I confesse, doe take me,
And a woman God did make me.
French to boote, at least in fashion,
And his manners of that nation.
  Young I'd have him too, and faire,
Yet a man; with crisped haire,
Cast in thousand snares and rings,
For Love's fingers, and his wings:
Chesnut colour, or more slack
Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus and Minerva's eyes,
For he must looke wanton-wise.
  Eye-brows bent like Cupid's bow,
Front, an ample field of snow;
Even nose, and cheeke (withall)
Smooth as is the billiard ball:
Chin, as woolly as the peach;
And his lip should kissing teach,
Till he cherish'd too much beard,
And made Love or me afeard.
  He would have a hand as soft
As the downe, and show it oft;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it e're it came;

All his blood should be a flame
Quickly fir'd, as in beginners
In love's schoole, and yet no sinners.
  'Twere too long to speake of all;
What we harmonie doe call
In a body should be there,
Well he should his clothes too weare,
Yet no taylor help to make him,
Drest, you still for man should take him;
And not think h' had eat a stake,
Or were set up in a brake.
  Valiant he should be as fire,
Showing danger more then ire.
Bounteous as the clouds to earth;
And as honest as his birth,
All his actions to be such,
As to doe nothing too much.
Nor o're-praise, nor yet condemne;
Nor out-valew, nor contemne;
Nor doe wrongs, nor wrongs receave;
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from basenesse to be free,
As he durst love truth and me.
  Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

THE

MUSICALL STRIFE;

IN A PASTORALL DIALOGUE.

SHEE.

Come, with our voyces let us warre,
  And challenge all the spheares,
Till each of us be made a starre,
  And all the world turne eares.

HEE.

At such a call, what beast or fowle
  Of reason emptie is!
What tree or stone doth want a soule?
  What man but must lose his?

SHEE.

Mixe then your notes, that we may prove
  To stay the running floods;
To make the mountaine quarries move;
  And call the walking woods.

HEE.

What need of mee? doe you but sing,
  Sleepe and the grave will wake,
No tunes are sweet, nor words have sting,
  But what those lips doe make.

SHEE.

They say the angells marke each deed,
  And exercise below,
And out of inward pleasure feed
  On what they viewing know.

HEE.

O sing not you then, lest the best
  Of angels should be driven
To fall againe, at such a feast,
  Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

SHEE.

Nay, rather both our soules bee strayn'd
  To meet their high desire;
So they in state of grace retain'd,
  May wish us of their quire.

IN THE PERSON OF WOMAN KIND.

A SONG APOLOGETIQUE.

Men, if you love us, play no more
  The fooles, or tyrants with your friends,
To make us still sing o're and o're,
  Our owne false praises, for your ends:
Wee have both wits and fancies too,
And if we must, let's sing of you.

Nor doe we doubt, but that we can,
  If wee would search with care and paine
Find some one good, in some one man;
  So, going thorow all your straine,
Wee shall at last, of parcells make
One good enough for a song's sake.

And as a cunning painter takes,
  In any curious peece you see,
More pleasure while the thing he makes
  Then when 'tis made; why so will wee.
And having pleas'd our art, wee'll try
To make a-new, and hang that by.

A NYMPH'S PASSION.

I LOVE, and he loves me againe,
  Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the nymphs should know my swaine
  I feare they'd love him too:
      Yet if it be not knowne,
    The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our owne.

I'le tell, that if they be not glad,
  They yet may envie me:
But then if I grow jealous madde,
  And of them pittied be,
      It were a plague 'bove scorne,
    And yet it cannot be forborne,
Unlesse my heart would as my thought be t

He is, if they can find him, faire,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purged ayre,
And lookes as lillies doe,
That are this morning blowne,
Yet, yet I doubt he is not knowne,
And feare much more, that more of him be showne.

But he hath eyes so round and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light,
Though Hate had put them out;
But then t' encrease my feares,
What nymph so e're his voyce but heares
Will be my rivall, though she have but eares.

I'le tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet, no,
One un-becomming thought doth move
From either heart, I know;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame,
If love, or feare, would let me tell his name.

MY PICTURE LEFT IN SCOTLAND.

I now thinke, love is rather deafe then blind,
For else it could not be,
That she,
Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
And cast my love behind:

I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,
And every close did meet
In sentence, of as subtile feet,
As hath the youngest hee,
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.
Oh, but my conscious feares,
That flie my thoughts betweene,
Tell me that she hath seene
My hundreds of gray haires,
Told seven and fortie yeares,
Read so much waste, as she cannot imbrace
My mountaine belly, and my rockie face,
And all these through her eyes, have stopt her eares.

AGAINST IEALOUSIE.

Wretched and foolish jealousie,
How camst thou thus to enter me?
I n're was of thy kind;
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
To vent that poore desire,
That others should not warme them at my fire.
I wish the Sun should shine,
On all men's fruit, and flowers, as well as mine.

But under the disguise of love
Thou sai'st thou onely cam'st to prove
What my affections were,
Think'st thou that love is help'd by feare?
Goe, get thee quickly forth,
Love's sicknesse, and his noted want of worth,
Seeke doubting men to please,
I ne're will owe my health to a disease.

THE DREAME.

Or scorne, or pittie on me take,
I must the true relation make,
I am undone to night;
Love in a subtile dreame disguis'd,
Hath both my heart and me surpriz'd,
Whom never yet he durst attempt t' awake;
Nor will he tell me for whose sake
He did me the delight,
Or spight,
But leaves me to inquire,
In all my wild desire
Of sleepe againe; who was his aid,
And sleepe so guiltie and afraid,
As since he dares not come within my sight.

AN *EPITAPH ON MASTER VINCENT CORBET.*

I have my pietie too, which could
It vent it selfe, but as it would,
Would say as much, as both have done
Before me here, the friend and sonne;
For I both lost a friend and father,
Of him whose bones this grave doth gather;
Deare Vincent Corbet, who so long
Had wrestled with diseases strong,
That though they did possess each limbe,
Yet he broke them, e're they could him,

With the just canon of his life,
A life that knew nor noise, nor strife;
But was by sweetning so his will,
All order, and disposure, still
His mind as pure, and neatly kept,
As were his houseries; and swept
So of uncleanness, or offence,
That never came ill odour thence:
And adde his actions unto these,
They were as specious as his trees.
'Tis true, he could not reprehend
His very manners, taught t' amend,
They were so even, grave, and holy,
No stubbornesse so stiffe, nor folly
To licence ever was so light,
As twice to trespasse in his sight,
His lookes would so correct it, when
It chid the vice, yet not the men.
Much from him I professe I wonne,
And more, and more, I should have done,
But that I understood him scant,
Now I conceive him by my want,
And pray who shall my sorrowes read,
That they for me their teares will shed,
For truly, since he left to be,
I feele, I'm rather dead than he?

Reader, whose life, and name, did e're become
An epitaph, deserv'd a tombe:
Nor wants it here through penurie, or sloth,
Who makes the one, so't be first makes both

AN

EPISTLE TO SIR EDWARD SACKVILE.

NOW EARLE OF DORSET.

If Sackvile, all that have the power to doe
Great and good turns, as wel could time them too,
And knew their how, and where: we should have then
Lesse list of proud, hard, or ingratefull men.
For benefits are ow'd with the same mind
As they are done, and such returnes they find:
You then, whose will not only, but desire
To succour my necessities tooke fire,
Not at my prayers, but your sense; which laid
The way to meet what others would upbraid;
And in the act did so my blush prevent,
As I did feele it done, as soone as meant:
You cannot doubt, but I who freely know
This good from you, as freely will it owe;
And though my fortune humble me, to take
The smallest courtesies with thankes, I make
Yet choyce from whom I take them; and would shame
To have such doe me good, I durst not name:
They are the noblest benefits, and sinke
Deepest in man, of which when he doth thinke,
The memorie, delights him more, from whom
Then what he hath receiv'd. Gifts stinke from some,
They are so long a comming, and so hard;
Where any deed is forc't, the grace is mard.
Can I owe thankes, for courtesies receiv'd
Against his will that does 'hem? that hath weav'd

Excuses, or delayes? or done 'hem scant,
That they have more oppreſt me, then my want?
Or if he did it not to succour me,
But by meere chance? for interest? or to free
Himselfe of farther trouble, or the weight
Of pressure, like one taken in a streight?
All this corrupts the thankes, lesse hath he wonne,
That puts it in his debt-booke e're 't be done;
Or that doth sound a trumpet, and doth call
His groomes to witnesse; or else lets it fall
In that proud manner: as a good so gain'd,
Must make me sad for what I have obtain'd.

AN

EPISTLE TO MASTER JOHN SELDEN.

I KNOW to whom I write here, I am sure,
Though I am short, I cannot be obscure:
Lesse shall I for the art or dressing care,
Truth and the Graces best when naked are.
Your booke, my Selden, I have read, and much
Was trusted, that you thought my judgement such
To aske it: though in most of workes it be
A pennance, where a man may not be free,
Rather then office, when it doth or may
Chance that the friend's affection proves allay
Unto the censure. Yours all need doth flie
Of this so vitious humanitie,
Then which there is not unto studie a more
Pernitious enemie. We see before

/ of bookes, even good judgements wound
elves through favouring what is there not
n yours farre otherwise shall doe, [found:
: the crime, but the suspition too:
ı I confesse (as every Muse hath err'd,
ne not least) I have too oft preferr'd [much,
ast their termes, and prais'd some names too
as with purpose to have made them such,
ıcing deceiv'd, I turne a sharper eye
ny selfe, and aske to whom? and why?
ıat I write? and vexe it many dayes
men get a verse, much lesse a praise;
my reader is assur'd, I now
what I speake, and still will keepe that vow.
'orth my object, then, you that have beene
t home, yet have all countries seene:

AN ELEGIE.

:autie, that did prompt me first to write,
ıreaten, with those meanes she did invite:
r perfections call me on to gaze!
ike, then love; and now would they amaze!
ı she gracious a-farre off? but neere
ɔur? or is all this but my feare?
s the water makes things, put in't, streight,
ed appeare; so that doth my conceipt:
ıelpe that with boldnesse; and love sware,
ɔrtune once, t' assist the spirits that dare.
hich shall lead me on? both these are blind:
guides men use not, who their way would find,

Except the way be errour to those ends:
And then the best are still the blindest friends!
Oh how a lover may mistake! to thinke,
Or love, or fortune blind, when they but winke
To see men feare: or else for truth, and state,
Because they would free justice imitate,
Vaile their owne eyes, and would impartially
Be brought by us to meet our destinie.
If it be thus; come love, and fortune goe,
I'le lead you on; or if my fate will so,
That I must send one first, my choyce ar[illegible]nes,
Love to my heart, and fortune to my line.

A SATYRICALL SHRUB.

A woman's friendship! God, whom I trust in,
Forgive me this one foolish deadly sin,
Amongst my many other, that I may
No more, I am sorry for so fond cause, say
At fifty yeares, almost, to value it,
That ne're was knowne to last above a fit,
Or have the least of good, but what it must
Put on for fashion, and take up on trust:
Knew I all this afore? had I perceiv'd, [weav'd
That their whole life was wickednesse, though
Of many colours; outward, fresh from spots,
But their whole inside full of ends, and knots?
Knew I, that all their dialogues, and discourse,
Were such as I will now relate, or worse.

[*Here, something is wanting.*]

* * * * * * * * *

·aw I this woman? yes; and you do see,
·w penitent I am, or I should be.
·e not you aske to know her, she is worse
·en all ingredients made into one curse,
·d that pour'd out upon man-kind, can be!
·inke but the sin of all her sex, 'tis she!
·ould forgive her being proud! a whore!
·rjur'd! and painted! if she were no more,
·t she is such, as she might, yet forestall
he Devill; and be the damning of us all.

AN ODE.

TO HIMSELFE.

WHERE do'st thou carelesse lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge, that sleepes, doth die;
And this securitie,
It is the common moth, [them both.
hat eats on wits, and arts, and quite destroyes

Are all th' Aonian springs
Dri'd up? lyes Thespia wast?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings!
Or droop they as disgrac't, [fac't
o see their seats and bowers by chattring pies de

If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause;
Let this thought quicken thee,
Minds that are great and free,

Should not on fortune pause, [plaine.
'Tis crowne enough to vertue still, her owne ap-

What though the greedie frie
Be taken with false baytes
Of worded balladrie,
And thinke it poësie?
They die with their conceits,
And only pitious scorne upon their folly waites.

Then take in hand thy lyre,
Strike in thy proper straine,
With Japhet's lyne, aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire,
To give the world againe:
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's braine

And since our daintie age
Cannot indure reproofe,
Make not thy selfe a page,
To that strumpet the stage,
But sing high and aloofe, [hoofe.
Safe from the wolve's black jaw, and the dull ass's

THE

MIND OF THE FRONTISPICE TO A BOOKE.

From death, and darke oblivion, near the same,
The mistresse of man's life, grave historie,
Raising the world to good and evill fame,
Doth vindicate it to eternitie.

Vise Providence would so; that nor the good
Might be defrauded, nor the great secur'd,
ut both might know their wayes were understood,
When vice alike in time with vertue dur'd;
Vhich makes that (lighted by the beamie hand
Of truth that searcheth the most secret springs,
.nd guided by experience, whose straite wand
Doth mete, whose lyne doth sound the depth of things:)
he chearfully supporteth what she reares,
Assisted by no strengths, but are her owne,
ome note of which each varied pillar beares,
By which, as proper titles, she is knowne,
'ime's witnesse, herald of antiquitie,
The light of truth, and life of memorie.

AN ODE.

High spirited friend,
send nor balmes, nor cor'sives to your wound,
Your fate hath found,
ı gentler and more agile hand, to tend
'he cure of that, which is but corporall,
ınd doubtful dayes (which were nam'd criticall,)
Have made their fairest flight,
And now are out of sight.
Vet doth some wholesome physick for the mind,
Wrapt in this paper lie,
Which in the taking if you mis-apply,
You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
Happy in that faire honour it hath gain'd,
Must now be rayn'd.
True valour doth her owne renowne command
In one full action; nor have you now more
To doe, then be a husband of that store.
Thinke but how deare you bought,
This same which you have caught, [truth:
Such thoughts will make you more in love with
'Tis wisdome, and that high,
For men to use their fortune reverently,
Even in youth.

A

FIT OF RIME AGAINST RIME.

Rime the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits
True conceipt,
Spoyling senses of their treasure,
Cosening judgement with a measure,
But false weight.

Wresting words, from their true calling;
Propping verse, for feare of falling
To the ground.
Joynting syllabes, drowning letters,
Fasting vowells, as with fetters
They were bound!

Soone as lazie thou wert knowne,
All good poëtrie hence was flowne,
And was banish'd.

› thousand yeares together,
ernassus' greene did wither,
And wit vanish'd.

ıus did flie away,
e wells no Muse did stay,
But bewail'd.
see the fountaine drie,
Apollo's musique die,
All light failed!

:ling rimes did fill the stage,
poët in an age,
Worthy crowning.
worke deserving baies,
lyne deserving praise,
Pallas frowning;

:e was free from rime's infection,
y Greeke by this protection!
Was not spoyled.
t the Latin, queene of tongues,
yet free from rime's wrongs,
But rests foiled.

: the hill againe doth flourish,
: the world a wit doth nourish,
To restore
ıs to his crowne againe;
ıe Muses to their braine;
As before.

r languages that want
ı, and sweetnesse, and be scant
Of true measure,

Tyrant rime hath so abused,
That they long since have refused,
Other ceasure:

He that first invented thee,
May his joynts tormented bee,
Cramp'd for ever;
Still may syllabes jarre with time,
Still may reason warre with rime,
Resting never.

May his sense, when it would meet
The cold tumour in his feet,
Grow unsounder.
And his title be long foole,
That in rearing such a schoole
Was the founder.

EPITAPH FOR A POOR MAN.

The judge his favour timely then extends,
When a good cause is destitute of friends,
Without the pompe of counsell, or more aide,
Then to make falshood blush, and fraud afraid:
When those good few, that her defenders be,
Are there for charitie, and not for fee.
Such shall you heare to day, and find great foes
Both arm'd with wealth and slander to oppose,
Who thus long safe, would gaine upon the times
A right by the prosperitie of their crimes;
Who, though their guilt and perjurie they know,
Thinke, yea and boast, that they have done it so

ıough the court pursues them on the sent,
will come off, and scape the punishment:
n this appeares, just lord, to your sharp sight,
oes you wrong, that craves you to doe right.

AN EPIGRAM

THE COUNCELLOUR THAT PLEADED AND CARRIED THE CAUSE.

I hereafter doe not thinke the barre,
ɜeat made of a more than civill warre;
.e great hall at Westminster, the field
ɾe mutuall frauds are fought, and no side yeild;
henceforth I beleeve nor bookes, nor men,
'gainst the law weave calumnies, my—
vhen I read or heare the names so rife
relings, wranglers, stitchers-to of strife,
:-handed harpies, gowned vultures, put
. the reverend pleaders; doe now shut
ıouthes, that dare entitle them (from hence)
ıe wolves studie, or dogs eloquence;
. art my cause: whose manners since I knew,
made me to conceive a lawyer new.
ɔst thou studie matter, men, and times,
st it religion to grow rich by crimes!
t not abuse thy wisdome in the lawes,
:ill to carry out an evill cause!
irst dost vexe, and search it! If not sound,
prov'st the gentler wayes, to clense the wound,
make the scarre faire; if that will not be,
: hast the brave scorne, to put back the fee!

But in a businesse, that will bide the touch,
What use, what strength of reason! and how much
Of bookes, of presidents, hast thou at hand?
As if the generall store thou didst command
Of argument, still drawing forth the best,
And not being borrowed by thee, but possest.
So com'st thou like a chief into the court
Arm'd at all peeces, as to keep a fort
Against a multitude; and (with thy stile [while
So brightly brandish'd) wound'st, defend'st! the
Thy adversaries fall, as not a word
They had, but were a reed unto thy sword.
Then com'st thou off with victorie and palme,
Thy hearers nectar and thy clients balme,
The court's just honour, and thy judge's love.
And (which doth all atchievements get above)
Thy sincere practise breeds not thee a fame
Alone, but all thy ranke a reverend name.

AN ELEGIE.

To make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it full in you?
Thought I but one had breath'd the purer ayre,
And must she needs be false, because she's faire?
Is it your beautie's marke, or of your youth,
Or your perfection, not to studie truth?
Or thinke you Heaven is deafe? or hath no eyes?
Or those it has, winke at your perjuries?
Are vowes so cheape with women? or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water.

blowne away with wind? or doth their breath,
hot and cold at once, threat life and death?
could have thought so many accents sweet
d to our words, so many sighes should meet
ne from our hearts, so many oathes and teares
ıkled among, all sweeter by our feares,
the devine impression of stolne kisses,
seal'd the rest, could now prove emptie blisses?
/ou draw bonds to forfeit? signe, to breake?
ust we read you quite from what you speake,
find the truth out the wrong way? or must
rst desire you false, would wish you just?
prophane! though most of women be
common monster, love shall except thee,
earest love, however jealousie,
circumstance might urge the contrarie.
er I'le think the Sunne would cease to cheare
teeming Earth, and that forget to beare;
er that rivers would run back, or Thames
ribs of ice in June would bind his streames:
ature, by whose strength the world indures,
d change her course, before you alter yours:
), that treacherous breast, to whom weake you
rust our counsells, and we both may rue,
ıg his falshood found too late! 'twas he
made me cast you guiltie, and you me.
t he, black wretch, betray'd each simple word
pake, unto the comming of a third!
may he be that so our love hath slaine,
vander wretched on the Earth, as Cain.
:hed as he, and not deserve least pittie;
guing him let miserie be wittie;
l eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
e be *noysome* as his infamie;

May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his soule's price;
And after all selfe-torment, when he dyes,
May wolves teare out his heart, vultures his eyes,
Swyne eat his bowels, and his falser tongue,
That utter'd all, be to some raven flung;
And let his carrion corse be a longer feast
To the king's dogs, then any other beast.
Now I have curst, let us our love receive;
In me the flame was never more alive.
I could begin againe to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes
Of my life's lease; like painters that doe take
Delight, not in made workes, but whilst they make
I could renew those times, when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd, and at masques, or playes,
Commend the selfe-same actors, the same wayes;
Aske how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, grow impertinent;
All which were such lost pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtly catch'd as a disease.
But, being got, it is a treasure, sweet,
Which to defend, is harder then to get;
And ought not to be prophan'd on either part,
For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

AN ELEGIE.

That love's a bitter sweet, I ne're conceive
Till the sower minute comes of taking leave,
And then I taste it. But as men drinke up
In haste the bottome of a med'cin'd cup,

And take some sirrup after; so doe I,
To put all relish from my memorie
Of parting, drowne it in the hope to meet
Shortly againe, and make our absence sweet.
This makes me, mistris, that sometime by stealth,
Under another name, I take your health;
And turne the ceremonies of those nights
I give, or owe my friends, into your rites,
But ever without blazon, or least shade
Of vowes so sacred, and in silence made;
For though love thrive, and may grow up with cheare,
And free societie, he's born else-where,
And must be bred, so to conceale his birth,
As neither wine doe rack it out, or mirth.
Yet should the lover still be ayrie and light
In all his actions rarified to spright:
Not like a Midas shut up in himselfe,
And turning all he toucheth into pelfe,
Keepe in reserv'd in his dark lanterne face,
As if that ex'lent dulnesse were love's grace;
No, mistris, no, the open merrie man
Moves like a sprightly river, and yet can
Keepe secret in his channels what he breedes,
'Bove all your standing waters, choak'd with weedes.
They looke at best like creame-bowles, and you soone
Shall find their depth: they're sounded with a spoone.
They may say grace, and for Love's chaplaines passe;
But the grave lover ever was an asse;
Is fix'd upon one leg, and dares not come
Out with the other, for he's still at home;
Like the dull wearied crane that (come on land)
Doth, *while he keepes* his watch, betray his stand:

Where he that knowes will like a lapwing flie
Farre from the nest, and so himselfe belie
To others, as he will deserve the trust
Due to that one, that doth believe him just.
And such your servant is, who vowes to keepe
The jewell of your name, as close as sleepe
Can lock the sense up, or the heart a thought,
And never be by time or folly brought,
Weaknesse of braine, or any charme of wine,
The sinne of boast, or other countermine,
(Made to blow up love's secrets) to discover
That article, may not become our lover:
Which in assurance to your brest I tell,
If I had writ no word, but, deare, farewell.

AN ELEGIE.

Let me be what I am, as Virgil cold,
As Horace fat, or as Anacreon old;
No poet's verses yet did ever move,
Whose readers did not thinke he was in love.
Who shall forbid me then in rithme to be
As light and active as the youngest he,
That from the Muses' fountaines doth indorse
His lynes, and hourely sits the poet's horse.
Put on my ivy garland, let me see
Who frownes, who jealous is, who taxeth me.
Fathers, and husbands, I doe claime a right
In all that is call'd lovely: take my sight
Sooner then my affection from the faire.
No face, no hand, proportion, line, or ayre

Of beautie, but the Muse hath interest in:
There is not worne that lace, purle, knot or pin,
But is the poët's matter: and he must,
When he is furious, love, although not lust.
But then content, your daughters and your wives
(If they be faire and worth it) have their lives
Made longer by our praises: or, if not,
Wish you had fowle ones, and deformed got;
Curst in their cradles, or there chang'd by elves,
So to be sure you doe enjoy your selves.
Yet keepe those up in sackcloth too, or lether,
For silke will draw some sneaking songster thither.

AN EXECRATION UPON VULCAN.

And why to me this, thou lame lord of fire,
What had I done that might call on thine ire?
Or urge thy greedie flame thus to devoure
So many my yeares-labours in an houre?
I ne'ere attempted, Vulcan, 'gainst thy life;
Nor made least line of love to thy loose wife;
Or in remembrance of thy afront, and scorne,
With clownes, and tradesmen, kept thee clos'd in horne.
'Twas Jupiter that hurl'd thee headlong downe,
And Mars that gave thee a lanthorne for a crowne:
Was it because thou wert of old denied
By Jove to have Minerva for thy bride,
That since thou tak'st all envious care and paine,
To ruine any issue of the braine?
Had I wrote treason there, or heresie,
Imposture, witchcraft, charmes, or blasphemie,

I had deserv'd then thy consuming lookes,
Perhaps, to have been burned with my bookes.
But, on thy malice, tell me, didst thou spie
Any, least loose, or scurrile paper lie
Conceal'd, or kept there, that was fit to be,
By thy owne vote, a sacrifice to thee?
Did I there wound the honours of the crowne?
Or taxe the glories of the church, and gowne?
Itch to defame the state? or brand the times?
And my selfe most, in some selfe-boasting rimes
If none of these, then why this fire? or find
A cause before; or leave me one behind.
Had I compil'd from Amadis de Gaule,
The' Esplandians, Arthurs, Palmerins, and all
The learned librarie of Don Quixote;
And so some goodlier monster had begot,
Or spun out riddles, and weav'd fiftie tomes
Of logogriphes, and curious palindromes,
Or pump'd for those hard trifles anagrams,
Or eteostichs, or those finer flammes
Of egges, and halberds, cradles, and a herse,
A pair of scisars, and a combe in verse;
Acrostichs, and telestichs, on jumpe names,
Thou then hadst had some colour for thy flames,
On such my serious follies: but thou'lt say,
There were some pieces of as base allay,
And as false stampe there; parcels of a play,
Fitter to see the fire-light, then the day;
Adulterate moneys, such as might not goe:
Thou should'st have stay'd, till publike fame said so
She is the judge, thou executioner:
Or if thou needs would trench upon her power,
Thou mightst have yet enjoy'd thy crueltie
With some more thrift, and more varietie:

mightst have had me perish piece by piece,
ht tobacco, or save roasted geese,
e capons, or poore pigges, dropping their eyes;
mn'd me to the ovens with the pies;
, have kept me dying a whole age,
ish'd all hence in a minute's rage.

AN EPISTLE.

TO MASTER ARTH. SQUIB.

I am not, and what I faine would be,
. I informe my selfe, I would teach thee,
ntle Arthur; that it might be said
sson we have both learn'd and well read;
er am, nor art thou, one of those
earkens to a jack's pulse, when it goes.
er trusted to that friendship yet
sue of the taverne, or the spit:
lesse a name would we bring up, or nurse,
ould but claime a kindred from the purse.
are poore ties depend on those false ends,
rtue alone, or nothing, that knits friends:
within your office, you doe take
ce of money, but you know, or make
e of the worth: so must we doe,
eigh a friend, then touch and trie him too:
ere are many slips, and counterfeits.
is fruitfull. Men have masques and nets,
ese with wearing will themselves unfold:
annot last. No lie grew ever old.

Turne him, and see his threds: looke, if he be
Friend to himselfe, that would be friend to thee,
For that is first requir'd, a man be his owne:
But he that's too much that, is friend of none.
Then rest, and a friend's value understand,
It is a richer purchase then of land.

AN EPIGRAM

ON SIR EDWARD COKE,

WHEN HE WAS LORD CHIEF IUSTICE OF ENGLAND

He that should search all glories of the gowne,
And steps of all rais'd servants of the crowne,
He could not find then thee, of all that store,
Whom fortune aided lesse, or vertue more,
Such, Coke, were thy beginnings, when thy good
In others' evill best was understood: [aide;
When, being the stranger's helpe, the poore man's
Thy just defences made the' oppressor afraid.
Such was thy processe, when integritie,
And skill in thee, now grew authoritie;
That clients strove, in question of the lawes,
More for thy patronage, then for their cause,
And that thy strong and manly eloquence
Stood up thy nation's fame, her crowne's defence;
And now such is thy stand, while thou dost deale
Desired justice to the publique weale
Like Solon's selfe; explat'st the knottie lawes
With endlesse labours, whilst thy learning drawes
No lesse of praise, then readers in all kinds
Of worthiest knowledge, that can take men's minds

is thy all; that (as I sung before)
fortune aided lesse, or vertue more.
chance must to each man that doth rise
s lend an aide, to thine she had her eyes.

AN EPISTLE

ERING TO ONE THAT ASKED TO BE SEALED OF THE TRIBE OF BEN.

that are safe, and sure, in all they doe,
not what trials they are put unto;
meet the fire, the test, as martyrs would;
though opinion stampe them not, are gold.
ld say more of such, but that I flie
peake my selfe out too ambitiously,
showing so weake an act to vulgar eyes,
conscience and my right to comprimise.
hose that meerely talke, and never thinke,
live in the wild anarchie of drinke,
ect to quarrell only; or else such
ake it their proficiencie, how much
'ave glutted in, and letcher'd out that weeke,
never yet did friend, or friendship seeke
or a sealing: let these men protest.
e' other on their borders, that will jest
ll soules that are absent; even the dead,
flies, or wormes, which man's corrupt parts fed:
to speake well, thinke it above all sinne,
y companie but that they are in,
every night to supper in these fitts,
are receiv'd for the covey of witts;

That censure all the towne, and all the' affaires,
And know whose ignorance is more then theirs;
Let these men have their wayes, and take their times
To vent their libels, and to issue rimes,
I have no portion in them, nor their deale
Of newes they get, to strew out the long meale;
I studie other friendships, and more one,
Than these can ever be; or else wish none.
What is't to me, whether the French designe
Be, or be not, to get the Val-telline?
Or the state's ships sent forth belike to meet
Some hopes of Spaine in their West-Indian fleet?
Whether the dispensation yet be sent,
Or that the match from Spaine was ever meant?
I wish all well, and pray high Heaven conspire
My prince's safetie, and my king's desire;
But if for honour we must draw the sword,
And force back that, which will not be restor'd,
I have a body yet, that spirit drawes
To live, or fall, a carkasse in the cause.
So farre without inquirie what the states,
Brunsfield, and Mansfield doe this yeare, my fates
Shall carry me at call; and I'le be well,
Though I doe neither heare these news, nor tell
Of Spaine or France; or were not prick'd downe one
Of the late mysterie of reception,
Although my fame, to his, not under-heares,
That guides the motions and directs the beares.
But that's a blow, by which in time I may
Lose all my credit with my Christmas clay,
And animated porc'lane of the court,
I, and for this neglect, the courser sort
Of earthen jarres there may molest me too:
Well, with mine owne fraile pitcher what to doe

I have decreed; keepe it from waves and presse;
Lest it be justled, crack'd, made nought, or lesse:
Live to that point I will, for which I am man,
And dwell as in my center as I can;
Still looking to, and ever loving Heaven;
With reverence using all the gifts thence given.
'Mongst which, if I have any friendships sent
Such as are square, wel-tagde, and permanent,
Not built with canvasse, paper, and false lights,
As are the glorious scenes at the great sights;
And that there be no fev'ry heats, nor colds,
Oylie expansions, or shrunke durtie folds,
But all so cleare, and led by reason's flame,
As but to stumble in her sight were shame.
These I will honour, love, embrace, and serve:
And free it from all question to preserve.
So short you read my character, and theirs
I would call mine, to which not many staires
Are asked to climbe. First give me faith, who know
My selfe a little. I will take you so,
As you have writ your selfe. Now stand, and then,
Sir, you are sealed of the tribe of Ben.

THE DEDICATION

OF THE KING'S NEW CELLAR.

TO BACCHUS.

Since, Bacchus, thou art father
Of wines, to thee the rather
We dedicate this cellar,
Where new, thou art made dweller;

And seale thee thy commission:
But 'tis with a condition,
That thou remaine here taster
Of all to the great master.
And looke unto their faces,
Their qualities, and races,
That both their odour take him,
And relish merry make him.
For, Bacchus, thou art freer
Of cares, and over-seer
Of feast, and merry meeting,
And still begin'st the greeting:
See then thou dost attend him,
Lyæus, and defend him,
By all the arts of gladnesse,
From any thought like sadnesse.
So mayst thou still be younger
Then Phœbus; and much stronger
To give mankind their eases,
And cure the world's diseases:
So may the Muses follow
Thee still, and leave Apollo
And thinke thy streame more quicker
Then Hippocrenes liquor:
And thou make many a poet,
Before his braine doe know it;
So may there never quarrell
Have issue from the barrell;
But Venus and the Graces
Pursue thee in all places,
And not a song be other
Then Cupid, and his mother.
That when king James above here
Shall feast it, thou maist love there

The causes and the guests too,
And have thy tales and jests too,
Thy circuits, and thy rounds free,
As shall the feast's faire grounds be,
  Be it he hold communion
In great saint George's union;
Or gratulates the passage
Of some wel-wrought embassage:
Whereby he may knit sure up
The wished peace of Europe:
Or else a health advances,
To put his court in dances,
And set us all on skipping,
When with his royall shipping
The narrow seas are shadie,
And Charles brings home the ladie.

Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

AN EPIGRAM

TO THE HONOURED ——— COUNTESSE OF ———.

The wisdome, madam, of your private life,
Where with this while you live a widowed wife,
And the right wayes you take unto the right,
To conquer rumour, and triumph on spight;
Not only shunning by your act, to doe
Ought that is ill, but the suspition too,
Is of so brave example, as he were
No friend to vertue, could be silent here.
The rather when the vices of the time
Are growne so fruitfull, and false pleasures climbe

By all oblique degrees, that killing height, [weight
From whence they fall, cast downe with their owne
And though all praise bring nothing to your name,
Who (herein studying conscience and not fame)
Are in your selfe rewarded; yet 'twill be
A cheerefull worke to all good eyes, to see
Among the daily ruines that fall foule
Of state, of fame, of body, and of soule,
So great a vertue stand upright to view,
As makes Penelope's old fable true,
Whilst your Ulisses hath ta'ne leave to goe,
Countries and climes, manners and men to know.
Only your time you better entertaine,
Then the great Homer's wit for her could faine;
For you admit no companie but good,
And when you want those friends, or neere in blood,
Or your allies, you make your bookes your friends,
And studie them unto the noblest ends,
Searching for knowledge, and to keepe your mind
The same it was inspir'd, rich, and refin'd.
These graces, when the rest of ladyes view
Not boasted in your life, but practis'd true,
As they are hard for them to make their owne,
So are they profitable to be knowne:
For when they find so many meet in one,
It will be shame for them if they have none.

LORD BACON'S BIRTH-DAY.

HAILE happie Genius of this antient pile!
How comes it all things so about thee smile?
The fire, the wine, the men! and in the midst
Thou stand'st as if some mysterie thou did'st!

Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returnes, and many, all these pray:
And so doe I. This is the sixtieth yeare
Since Bacon, and thy lord was born, and here;
Sonne to the grave wise keeper of the seale,
Fame and foundation of the English weale.
What then his father was, that since is he,
Now with a title more to the degree;
England's high chancellor: the destin'd heire
In his soft cradle to his father's chaire,
Whose even thred the Fates spinne round and full,
Out of their choysest, and their whitest wooll.
'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be knowne,
For 'twere a narrow gladnesse, kept thine owne.
Give me a deep-crown'd-bowle, that I may sing,
In raysing him, the wisdome of my king.

AN EPIGRAM

TO WILLIAM, EARLE OF NEWCASTLE.

When first, my lord, I saw you backe your horse,
Provoke his mettall, and command his force
To all the uses of the field and race,
Me thought I read the ancient art of Thrace,
And saw a centaure, past those tales of Greece,
So seem'd your horse and you both of a peece!
You show'd like Perseus upon Pegasus;
Or Castor mounted on his Cyllarus:
Or what we heare our home-borne legend tell
Of bold Sir Bevis and his Arundell:
Nay, so your seate his beauties did endorse,
As I began to wish my selfe a horse;

And surely, had I but your stable seene
Before, I thinke my wish absolv'd had beene.
For never saw I yet the Muses dwell,
Nor any of their houshold halfe so well.
So well! as when I saw the floore and roome,
I look'd for Hercules to be the groome:
And cri'd, away with the Cæsarian bread,
At these immortall mangers Virgil fed.

EPISTLE

TO MY LADY COVELL.

You won not verses, madam, you won me,
When you would play so nobly, and so free.
A booke to a few lynes: but it was fit
You won them too, your oddes did merit it:
So have you gain'd a servant, and a Muse:
The first of which I fear you will refuse;
And you may justly, being a tardie, cold,
Unprofitable chattell, fat and old,
Laden with bellie, and doth hardly approach
His friends, but to breake chaires, or cracke a coach
His weight is twenty stone within two pound;
And that's made up as doth the purse abound.
Marrie, the Muse is one can tread the aire,
And stroke the water, nimble, chast, and faire,
Sleepe in a virgin's bosome without feare,
Run all the rounds in a soft ladye's eare,
Widow or wife, without the jealousie
Of either suitor, or a servant, by.
Such (if her manners like you) I doe send,
And can for other graces her commend,

› make you merry on the dressing stoole
mornings, and at afternoones to foole
way ill company, and helpe in rime,
ıur Joane to passe her melancholie time,
' this, although you fancy not the man,
:cept his muse; and tell, I know you can,
›w may verses, madam, are your due?
:an lose none in tend'ring these to you.
;aine, in having leave to keepe my day,
ıd should grow rich, had I much more to pay.

AN EPIGRAM

ON THE PRINCE'S BIRTH.

ND art thou borne, brave babe? blest be thy birth!
ıat so hath crown'd our hopes, our spring, and
ıe bed of the chaste lilly, and the rose! [earth,
'hat month then May, was fitter to disclose
ıis prince of flowers? soone shoot thou up, and grow
ıe same that thou art promis'd, but be slow
nd long in changing. Let our nephewes see
hee quickly [come] the garden's eye to be,
nd there to stand so. Haste, now, envious Moone,
nd interpose thy selfe, ('care not how soone.)
n threat' the great eclipse. Two houres but runne,
ɔl will re-shine. If not, Charles hath a sonne.

. . . . . *Non displicuisse meretur*
Festinat Cæsar qui placuisse tibi.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE

LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

AN EPISTLE MENDICANT. 1631.

MY LORD,

Poore wretched states, prest by extremities,
Are faine to seeke for succours, and supplies
Of princes' aides, or good men's charities.

Disease the enemie, and his engineeres,
Want, with the rest of his conceal'd compeeres,
Have cast a trench about me, now five yeares;

And made those strong approaches by false braies,
Reduicts, halfe-moones, horne-workes, and such close wayes,
The Muse not peepes out, one of hundred dayes;

But lyes block'd up, and straightned, narrow'd in,
Fix'd to the bed, and boords, unlike to win
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never bin;

Unlesse some saving honour of the crowne,
Dare thinke it, to relieve, no lesse renowne,
A bed-rid wit, then a besieged towne.

TO THE KING,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 19, 1632.

AN EPIGRAM ANNIVERSARIE.

his is king Charles his day. Speake it thou Towre
Unto the ships, and they from tier to tier
ischarge it 'bout the iland, in an houre,
As lowd as thunder, and as swift as fire.
et Ireland meet it out at sea halfe way,
Repeating all Great Brittain's joy, and more,
dding her owne glad accents to this day,
Like Eccho playing from the other shore.
'hat drums, or trumpets, or great ord'nance can,
The poetrie of steeples, with the bells,
hree kingdomes' mirth, in light, and aërie man,
Made lighter with the wine. All noises else,
t bonefires, rockets, fire-workes, with the shoutes
That cry that gladnesse, which their hearts would pray,
ad they but grace of thinking, at these routes,
On th' often comming of this holy-day:
nd ever close the burden of the song,
till to have such a Charles, but this Charles long.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

HIEROME, LORD WESTON,

AN ODE GRATULATORIE,

FOR HIS RETURNE FROM HIS EMBASSIE. 1632.

SUCH pleasure as the teeming Earth
Doth take an easie Nature's birth,
  When she puts forth the life of every thing:
And in a dew of sweetest raine,
She lies deliver'd without paine,
  Of the prime beautie of the yeare, the Spring.

The river in their shores doe run,
The clowdes rack cleare before the Sun,
  The rudest winds obey the calmest ayre,
Rare plants from ev'ry banke doe rise,
And ev'ry plant the sense surprise,
  Because the order of the whole is faire!

The very verdure of her nest,
Wherein she sits so richly drest,
  As all the wealth of season there was spread,
Doth show the Graces and the Houres
Have multipli'd their arts and powers,
  In making soft her aromatique bed.

Such joyes, such sweets, doth your returne
Bring all your friends (faire lord) that burne
  With love to heare your modestie relate,
The bus'nesse of your blooming wit,
With all the fruit shall follow it,
  Both to the honour of the king and state

O how will then our court be pleas'd,
To see great Charles of travaile eas'd,
When he beholds a graft of his owne hand,
Shoot up an olive fruitfull, faire,
To be a shadow to his heire,
And both a strength, and beautie to his land!

EPITHALAMION;

OR

A SONG,

Celebrating the Nuptials of that Noble Gentleman, Mr. Hierome Weston, son and heire of the Lord Weston, Lord High Treasurer of England, with the Lady Frances Stuart, daughter of Esme D. of Lenox deceased, and sister of the surviving Duke of the same name.

THOUGH thou hast past thy summer standing, stay
A-while with us, bright Sun, and help our light;
Thou can'st not meet more glory on the way,
Between thy tropicks, to arrest thy sight,
Then thou shalt see to day:
We wooe thee, stay
And see what can be seene,
The bountie of a king, and beautie of his queene!

See, the procession! what a holy day
(Bearing the promise of some better fate)
Hath filed, with Caroches, all the way,
From Greenwich, hither, to Row-hampton gate!

When look'd the yeare, at best,
So like a feast?
Or were affaires in tune, [June
By all the spheares consent, so in the heart of

What beautie of beauties, and bright youths at
charge
Of summer's liveries, and gladding greene,
Do boast their loves, and brav'ries so at large,
As they came all to see, and to be seene!
When look'd the earth so fine,
Or so did shine
In all her bloome and flower; [bower
To welcome home a paire, and deck the nuptial

It is the kindly season of the time,
The month of youth which calls all creatures forth
To doe their offices in nature's chime,
And celebrate (perfection at the worth)
Mariage, the end of life,
That holy strife,
And the allowed warre:
Through which not only we, but all our species are

Harke, how the bells upon the waters play
Their sister-tunes from Thames his either side,
As they had learn'd new changes for the day,
And all did ring th' approches of the bride,
The lady Frances, drest
Above the rest
Of all the maidens faire, [hair
In gracefull ornament of garland, gemmes, and

:, how she paceth forth in virgin-white,
.ike what she is, the daughter of a duke,
d sister: darting forth a dazling light
)n all that come her simplésse to rebuke!
Her tresses trim her back,
As she did lack
Nought of a maiden queene,
th modestie so crown'd, and adoration seene.

y, thou wilt see what rites the virgins doe!
'he choicest virgin-troup of all the land!
'ting the ensignes of united two,
loth crownes and kingdomes in their either hand;
Whose majesties appeare,
To make more cleare
This feast, then can the day
hough that thou, O Sun, at our entreaty stay!

:, how with roses and with lillies shine,
Lillies and roses, flowers of either sexe)
: bright bride's paths, embellish'd more then thine
Vith light of love, this paire doth intertexe!
Stay, see the virgins sow
(Where she shall goe)
The emblemes of their way.
now thou smil'st, faire Sun, and shin'st as thou wouldst stay!

th what full hands, and in how plenteous showers
ave they bedew'd the earth, where she doth tread,
if her ayrie steps did spring the flowers,
And all the ground were garden where she led!

See, at another doore,
On the same floore,
The bridegroome meets the bride [side.
With all the pompe of youth, and all our court be-

Our court, and all the grandees; now, Sun, looke,
And looking with thy best inquirie, tell,
In all thy age of journals thou hast tooke,
Saw'st thou that paire became these rites so well,
Save the preceding two?
Who, in all they doe,
Search, Sun, and thou wilt find [kind.
They are th' exampled paire, and mirrour of their

Force from the phœnix then no raritie
Of sex, to rob the creature; but from man,
The king of creatures; take his paritie
With angels, Muse, to speake these: nothing can
Illustrate these but they
Themselves to day,
Who the whole act expresse;
All else we see beside are shadowes and goe lesse.

It is their grace and favour that makes seene
And wonder'd at the bounties of this day:
All is a story of the king and queene!
And what of dignitie and honour may
Be duly done to those
Whom they have chose,
And set the marke upon,
To give a greater name and title to their owne!

Weston, their treasure, as their treasurer,
That mine of wisdome, and of counsells deep,

eat say-master of state, who cannot erre,
But doth his carract, and just standard keepe
In all the prov'd assayes,
And legall wayes
Of tryals, to worke downe [crowne.
n's loves unto the lawes, and lawes to love the

d this well mov'd the judgment of the king
To pay with honours, to his noble sonne
day, the father's service; who could bring
Him up, to doe the same himselfe had done.
That farre-all-seeing eye
Could soone espie
What kind of waking man
had so highly set; and in what Barbican.

nd there; for when a noble nature's rais'd,
t brings friends joy, foes griefe, posteritie fame;
him the times, no lesse then prince, are prais'd,
and by his rise, in active men, his name
Doth emulation stirre;
To th' dull, a spur
It is: to th' envious meant [ment.
neere upbraiding griefe, and tort'ring punish-

, how the chappell opens; where the king
nd bishop stay, to consummate the rites:
holy prelate prayes, then takes the ring,
akes first, who gives her (I Charles) then he
plights
One in the other's hand,
Whilst they both stand
Hearing their charge, and then [Amen.
solemne quire cryes, Joy; and they returne,

O happy bands! and thou more happy place,
Which to this use wer't built and consecrate!
To have thy God to blesse, thy king to grace,
And this their chosen bishop celebrate;
And knit the nuptiall knot,
Which time shall not,
Or canker'd jealousie,
With all corroding arts, be able to untie!

The chappell empties, and thou may'st be gone
Now, Sun, and post away the rest of day:
These two, now holy church hath made them one,
Doe long to make themselves so, another way;
There is a feast behind,
To them of kind,
Which their glad parents taught [brought.
One to the other, long ere these to light were

Haste, haste, officious Sun, and send them night
Some houres before it should, that these may know
All that their fathers and their mothers might
Of nuptiall sweets, at such a season, owe,
To propagate their names,
And keepe their fames
Alive, which else would die;
For fame keepes vertue up, and it's posteritie.

Th' ignoble never liv'd, they were a-while
Like swine, or other cattell here on Earth:
Their names are not recorded on the file
Of life, that fall so; Christians know their birth
Alone, and such a race,
We pray may grace,

Your fruitfull spreading vine,
But dare not aske our wish in language fescennine:

Yet, as we may, we will, with chast desires,
(The holy perfumes of a marriage bed)
Be kept alive those sweet and sacred fires
Of love between you and your lovely-head:
That when you both are old,
You find no cold
There; but, renewed, say,
(After the last child borne) this is our wedding day.

Till you behold a race to fill your hall,
A Richard, and a Hierome, by their names
Upon a Thomas, or a Francis call;
A Kate, a Frank, to honour their grand-dames,
And 'tweene their grandsire's thighes,
Like pretty spies,
Peepe forth a gemme; to see
How each one playes his part, of the large pedigree.

And never may they want one of the stem,
To be a watchfull servant for this state;
But like an arme of eminence 'mongst them,
Extend a reaching vertue early and late:
Whilst the maine tree still found
Upright and sound,
By this sun's noonested's made
So great; his body now alone projects the shade.

They both are slipt to bed; shut fast the doore,
And let him freely gather love's first-fruits,
He's master of the office; yet no more
Exacts then she is pleas'd to pay: no suits,

Strifes, murmures, or delay,
Will last till day;
Night, and the sheetes, will show
The longing couple all that elder lovers know.

ODE.

Faire friend, 'tis true, your beauties move
My heart to a respect;
Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect.

I neither love, nor yet am free,
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'Tis of the purest kind.

It little wants of love but paine,
Your beautie takes my sense,
And lest you should that price disdaine,
My thoughts, too, feele the influence.

'Tis not a passion's first accesse
Readie to multiply,
But like love's calmest state it is
Possest with victorie.

It is like love to truth reduc'd;
All the false value's gone
Which were created, and induc'd
By fond imagination.

'Tis either fancie, or 'tis fate,
  To love you more then I;
I love you at your beautie's rate,
  Lesse were an injurie.

Like unstamp'd gold, I weigh each grace,
  So that you may collect
Th' intrinsique value of your face,
  Safely from my respect.

And this respect would merit love,
  Were not so faire a sight
Payment enough; for who dare move
  Reward for his delight?

EUPHEME.

SONG OF HER DESCENT.

I SING the just and uncontrol'd descent
  Of dame Venetia Digby, styl'd the faire:
For mind, and body, the most excellent
  That ever nature, or the later ayre
Gave two such houses as Northumberland
  And Stanley, to the which she was co-heire.
Speake it, you bold Penates, you that stand
  At either stemme, and know the veines of good
Run from your rootes; tell, testifie the grand
  Meeting of graces, that so swell'd the flood
Of vertues in her, as, in short, she grew
  The wonder of her sexe, and of your blood.

And tell thou, Alde-Legh, none can tell more
  Thy neece's line, then thou that gav'st thy
Into the kindred, whence thy Adam drew
  Meschines' honour with the Cestrian fame
Of the first Lupus, to the familie
  By Ranulph ———

[*The rest of this song is lost.*]

THE PICTURE OF THE BODY.

Sitting, and ready to be drawne,
What makes these velvets, silkes, and lawne,
Embroderies, feathers, fringes, lace,
Where every lim takes like a face?

Send these suspected helpes to aide
Some forme defective or decay'd;
This beautie without falshood fayre,
Needs nought to cloath it but the ayre.

Yet something, to the painter's view,
Were fitly interpos'd; so new:
He shall, if he can understand,
Worke with my fancie, his owne hand.

Draw first a cloud: all save her neck;
And, out of that, make day to breake;
Till, like her face, it doe appeare,
And men may thinke all light rose there.

Then let the beames of that disperse
The cloud, and show the universe;
But at such distance, as the eye
May rather yet adore then spy.

en design'd, draw next a spring,
hat youth or it can bring:
ers branching forth like seas,
lise confining these.

the circles of this globe,
ıere be a starry robe
lations 'bout her horld;
hast painted beautie's world.

:r, see thou doe not sell
f this peece; nor tell
ɜ: but if it favour find,
ıg we will draw her mind.

THE MIND.

yo' are come, but may be gone,
'e better thought thereon,
: I can performe alone,
you reasons more then one.

our art I doe refuse:
I may no colours use.
ıur hand will never hit,
. thing that cannot sit.

make shift to paint an eye,
towring in the skye,
e, a sea, or soundlesse pit;
are like a mind, not it.

No, to expresse a mind to sense,
Would aske a Heaven's intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kinne to whence it came.

Sweet mind, then speake your selfe, and say,
As you goe on, by what brave way
Our sense you doe with knowledge fill,
And yet remaine our wonder still.

I call you Muse, now make it true:
Henceforth may every line be you;
That all may say, that see the frame,
This is no picture, but the same.

A mind so pure, so perfect, fine,
As 'tis not radient, but divine:
And so disdaining any tryer;
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There high exalted in the spheare,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions when it will expresse
In speech, it is with that excesse
Of grace and musique to the eare,
As what it spoke it planted there.

The voyce so sweet, the words so faire,
As some soft chime had stroak'd the ayre;
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an eccho in the sense.

But, that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
It selfe to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossnesse; there's the how, and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And stuck in clay here, it would pull
Us forth by some celestiall flight
Up to her owne sublimed hight?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some paradise, or palace found
In all the bounds of beautie fit
For here to inhabit? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so loftie forme, so streight,
So polisht, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from Heaven.

Not swelling like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a cloud,
As smooth as oyle pour'd forth, and calme
As showers, and sweet as drops of balme.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a floud
Where it may run to any good;
And where it stayes, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice, and gummes.

In action, winged as the wind,
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a banke, or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind and showers.

In thee, faire mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possest,
Thou entertaining in thy brest
But such a mind, mak'st God thy guest.

[A whole quaternion in the middle of this poem is lost, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole, is the eighth) excepting the very end: which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus:]

But, for you (growing gentlemen) the happy branches of two so illustrious houses as these, wherefrom your honour'd mother is in both lines descended; let me leave you this last legacie of counsell; which so soone as you arrive at yeares of mature understanding, open you (sir) that are the eldest, and read it to your brethren, for it will concerne you all alike. Vowed by a faithfull servant, and client of your familie, with his latest breath expiring it. B. J.

TO

KENELME, IOHN GEORGE.

Boast not these titles of your ancestors; [yours:
(Brave youths) th' are their possessions, none of
When your owne vertues equall'd have their names,
'Twill be but faire to leane upon their fames;
For they are strong supporters: but, till then,
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.

It is a wretched thing to trust to reedes,
Which all men doe, that urge not their owne deeds
Up to their ancestors; the river's side, [bide:
By which yo' are planted shows your fruit shall
Hang all your roomes with one large pedigree:
'Tis vertue alone, is true nobilitie.
Which vertue from your father ripe will fall;
Study illustrious him, and you have all.

ODE TO LYDIA.

Dialogue of Horace and Lydia.

HORACE.

WHILST, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
And ('bout thy ivory neck) no youth did fling,
His armes more acceptable free,
I thought me richer then the Persian king.

LYDIA.

Whilst Horace lov'd no mistres more,
Nor after Cloë did his Lydia sound;
In name, I went all names before,
The Roman Ilia was not more renown'd.

HORACE.

'Tis true, I' am Thracian Chloe's, I
Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning plaies,
As, for her, I'l'd not feare to die,
So Fate would give her life, and longer daies.

LYDIA.

And I am mutually on fire
With gentle Calais Thurine, Ornith's sonne;

For whom I doubly would expire,
So Fate would let the boy a long thred run.

HORACE.

But, say old love returne should make
And us dis-joyn'd force to her brazen yoke,
That I bright Cloe off should shake;
And to left Lydia, now the gate stood ope.

LYDIA.

Though he be fairer then a starre;
Thou lighter then the barke of any tree,
And then rough Adria, angrier farre;
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

EPIGRAMMES.

TO MY BOOK.

l be look'd for, Book, when some but see
itle, Epigrammes, and nam'd of me,
should'st be bold, licentious, full of gall,
ıewood, and sulphure, sharp, and tooth'd with-
ne a petulant thing, hurle inke, and wit, [all,
d-men stones: not caring whom they hit.
ve their malice, who could wish it so,
y thy wiser temper let men know
art not covetous of least selfe-fame,
from the hazard of another's shame.
lesse, with lewd, profane, and beastly phrase,
ch the world's loose laughter, or vaine gaze.
ıt departs with his own honesty
ılgar praise, doth it too dearely buy.

ON THE UNION.

was there contract better driven by Fate?
ebrated with more truth of state?
orld the temple was, the priest a king,
ɔoused paire two realmes, the sea the ring.

ON SOMETHING THAT WALKES SOMEWHERE.

At court I met it, in clothes brave enough,
To be a courtier; and looks grave enough,
To seeme a statesman: as I neere it came,
It made me a great face, I ask'd the name.
"A lord," it cried, "buried in flesh, and blood,
And such from whom let no man hope least good,
For I will do none: and as little ill,
For I will dare none." Good lord, walk dead still.

ON LIEUTENANT SHIFT.

Shift, here, in towne, not meanest among squires,
That haunt Pickt-hatch, Mersh-Lambeth, and White-fryers,
Keeps himselfe, with halfe a man, and defrayes
The charge of that state with this charme, God payes.
By that one spell he lives, eats, drinks, arrayes
Himselfe: his whole revenue is, God payes.
The quarter day is come; the hostesse sayes,
She must have money: he returnes, God payes.
The taylor brings a suite home; he it 'ssayes,
Looks o're the bill, likes it: and says, God payes.
He steales to ordinaries; there he playes
At dice his borrow'd money: which, God payes.
Then takes up fresh commodities, for dayes;
Signes to new bonds, forfeits: and cries, God payes.
That lost, he keeps his chamber, reades essayes,

kes physick, teares the papers: still God payes.
else by water goes, and so to playes;
lls for his stoole, adornes the stage: God payes.
every cause he meets, this voice he brayes:
s only answer is to all, God payes.
t his poore cocatrice but he betrayes
us: and for his letchery, scores, God payes.
t see! th' old baud hath serv'd him in his trim,
nt him a pocky whore. She hath paid him.

TO DOCTOR EMPIRICK.

HEN men a dangerous disease did scape,
old, they gave a cock to Æsculape;
t me give two: that doubly am got free,
om my disease's danger, and from thee.

TO WILLIAM CAMDEN.

MDEN, most reverend head, to whom I owe
l that I am in arts, all that I know.
ow nothing's that?) to whom my countrey owes
e great renowne, and name wherewith she goes.
an thee the age sees not that thing more grave,
re high, more holy, that she more would crave.
hat name, what skill, what faith hast thou in things!
hat sight in searching the most antique is!
hat weight, and what authority in thy spee
n scarse can make that doubt, but thou teach.

Pardon free truth, and let thy modesty,
Which conquers all, be once ore-come by thee.
Many of thine this better could, than I,
But for their powers, accept my piety.

TO BRAINE-HARDY.

Braine, thy braine is valiant, 't is confest;
Thou more, that with it every day dar'st jest
Thy selfe into fresh brawles: when, call'd upon,
Scarce thy week's swearing brings thee off, of one.
So, in short time, th' art in arrearage growne
Some hundred quarrels, yet dost thou fight none;
Nor need'st thou, for those few, by oath release,
Make good what thou dar'st do in all the rest.
Keep thy selfe there, and think thy valure right;
He that lives humne himselfe, dares more the
fight.

ON REFORMED GAMSTER.

Lord, how is Gamster chang'd! his haire close
cut
His neck bend'd round with ruffe! his eyes half
shut
His clothes two bushums off, and poore! his sword
Forsaken his side, and rusting, but the word
Quick in his lips, who hath this wonder wrought?
The hot sore mistrisse. So I thought.
What several ways men in their calling have!
The hostie's scrapes I see, the whore may save.

ON DON SURLY.

Don Surly, to aspire the glorious name
Of a great man, and to be thought the same,
Make serious use of all great trade he knowes.
He speakes to men with a Rhinocerote's nose,
Which he thinks great; and so reades verses, too:
And that is done, as he saw great men doe.
H' has tympanies of businesse, in his face,
And can forget men's names, with a great grace,
He will both argue, and discourse in oathes,
Both which are great. And laugh at ill made cloathes;
That 's greater, yet: to crie his owne up neat.
He doth, at meales, alone, his pheasant eat,
Which is maine greatnesse. And, at his still boord,
He drinks to no man: that's, too, like a lord.
He keeps another's wife, which is a spice
Of solemne greatnesse. And he dares, at dice,
Blaspheme God greatly. Or some poore hinde beat,
That breathes in his dog's way: and this is great.
Nay more, for greatnesse sake, he will be one
May heare my Epigrammes, but like of none.
Surly, use other arts, these only can
Stile thee a most great foole, but no great man.

TO SIR ANNUAL TILTER.

Tilter, the most may' admire thee, though not I:
And thou, right guiltlesse, may'st plead to it, why?

For thy late sharpe device. I say 't is fit
All braines, at times of triumph, should runne wit.
For then, our water-conduits do runne wine;
But that 's put in, thou'lt say. Why, so is thine.

TO THE GHOST OF MARTIAL.

MARTIAL, thou gav'st farre nobler Epigrammes
To thy Domitian, that I can my James:
But in my royall subject I passe thee,
Thou flattered'st thine, mine cannot flatter'd be.

ON GILES AND JONE.

WHO sayes that Giles and Jone at discord be?
Th' observing neighbours no such mood can see.
Indeed, poore Giles repents he married ever.
But that his Jone doth too. And Giles would never,
By his free-will, be in Jone's company.
No more would Jone he should. Giles riseth early,
And having got him out of doores is glad.
The like is Jone. But turning home is sad.
And so is Jone. Oft-times when Giles doth finde
Harsh fights at home, Giles wisheth he were blind.
All this doth Jone. Or that his long-yearn'd life
Were quite out-spun. The like wish hath his wife.
The children, that he keepes, Giles swearcs are none
Of his begetting. And so swearcs his Jone.

In all affections she concurreth still.
If, now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The selfe-same things, a note of concord be:
I know no couple better can agree!

TO CENSORIOUS COURTLING.

Courtling, I rather thou should'st utterly
Dispraise my work, than praise it frostily:
When I am read, thou fain'st a weak applause,
As if thou wert my friend, but lack'dst a cause.
This but thy judgement fooles: the other way
Would both thy folly and thy spite betray.

TO GROOME IDEOT.

Ideot, last night, I pray'd thee but forbeare
To reade my verses; now I must to heare:
For offring, with thy smiles, my wit to grace,
Thy ignorance still laughs in the wrong place.
And so my sharpenesse thou no lesse dis-joynts,
Than thou did'st late my sense, loosing my points.
So have I seene at Christ-masse sports, one lost,
And, hood-wink'd, for a man, embrace a post.

TO ROBERT EARLE OF SALISBURIE.

UPON THE ACCESSION OF THE TREASURERSHIP TO HIM.

Not glad, like those that have new hopes, or suites,
With thy new place, bring I these early fruits
Of love, and what the golden age did hold
A treasure, art: condemn'd in th' age of gold.
Nor glad as those, that old dependents be,
To see thy father's rites new laid on thee.
Nor glad for fashion. Nor to show a fit
Of flattery to thy titles. Nor of wit.
But I am glad to see that time survive,
Where merit is not sepulcher'd alive.
Where good men's vertues them to honours bring,
And not to dangers. When so wise a king
Contends t' have worth enjoy, from his regard,
As her owne conscience, still, the same reward.
These (noblest Cecil) labour'd in my thought,
Wherein what wonder see thy name hath brought:
That whil'st I meant but thine to gratulate,
I've sung the greater fortunes of our state.

TO MY MUSE.

Away, and leave me, thou thing most abhord.
That hast betray'd me to a worthlesse lord:
Made me commit most fierce idolatrie
To a great image through thy luxurie.

·xt master's more unluckie Muse,
thou 'hast mine, his houres, and youth
use.
:he times' long grudge, the court's ill will;
ncil'd, keepe him suspected still.
ı lose all his friends; and, which is worse,
l wayes to any better course.
thou leav'st an happier Muse than thee,
:h thou brought'st me, welcome povertie,
instruct my after-thoughts to write
ıanly, and not smelling parasite.
ent me: stay. Who e're is rais'd,
h he has not, he is tax'd, not prais'd.

ON PLAY-WRIGHT.

IGHT, convict of public wrongs to men,
ivate beatings, and begins againe.
ls of valour he doth show at ones;
's braine, and passive in his bones.

TO WILLIAM ROE.

ature bids us leave to live, 't is late
begin, my Roe. He makes a state
ıat can employ it; and takes hold
rue causes, ere they grow too old.
bad, doubt worse, depending worst;
ıt day of our life escapes us first.

Then, since we (more than many) these tales know:
Though life be short, let us not make it so.

TO FINE GRAND.

WHAT is 't, fine Grand, makes thee my friend thus
Or take an epigramme so fearefully,
As 't were a challenge, or a borrower's letter?
The world must know your greatnesse is my debtor.
In-primis, Grand, you owe me for a jest;
I lent you, on meere acquaintance, at a feast.
Item, a tale or two, some fortnight after;
That yet maintaines you, and your house in laughter.
Item, the Babylonian song you sing;
Item, a faire Greeke poesie for a ring:
With which a learned madame you belye.
Item, a charme surrounding fearefully,
Your *partie-per-pale* picture, one halfe drawne
In solemne cypres, the other cob-web-lawne.
Item, a gulling *impresse* for you, at tilt.
Item, your mistris' anagram, i' your hilt.
Item, your owne, sew'd in your mistris' smock
Item, an epitaph on my lord's cock,
In most vile verses, and cost me more paine,
Then had I made 'hem good, to fit your vaine.
Fortie things more, deare Grand, which you know true,
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'le pay you

'N LUCY COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD.

morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
hought to forme unto my zealous Muse,
t kinde of creature I could most desire,
honour, serve, and love; as poets use.
ant to make her faire, and free, and wise,
'greatest blood, and yet more good than great,
ant the day-starre should not brighter rise,
r lend like influence from his lucent seat.
ant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
ting that solemne vice of greatnesse, pride;
ant each softest vertue there should meet,
in that softer bosome to reside.
a learned, and a manly soule
urpos'd her; that should, with even powers,
rock, the spindle, and the sheeres controule
Destinie, and spin her owne free houres.
when I meant to faine, and wish'd to see,
' Muse bade, Bedford write, and that was she.

ON ENGLISH MOUNSIEUR.

n you beleeve, when you this mounsieur see,
his whole body should speake French, not he?
so much skarfe of France, and hat, and fether,
shooe, and tye, and garter should come hether,
land on one, whose face durst never be
rd the sea, farther than halfe-way tree?

That he, unt[illegible]ell'd, should be [illegible]rench so n
As French [illegible]n in his company should seeme
Or had [illegible]r, when he did him get,
The Fre[illegible]ase, [illegible] which he labours
Or hu[illegible]ur's pieture on the [illegible]
By [illegible] conceiv'd him, clothes
Or is [illegible]rench [illegible]ne? No: 't doth n
And [illegible], and [illegible]. O then, it nee
[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]r's motion, monthly [illegible]
[illegible] and helpe the trad

THE NEW CRY.

Ere cherries ripe, and strawberries be gone
Unto the cryes of London I'le adde one;
Ripe statesmen, ripe: they grow in every s
At sixe and twenty, ripe. You shall 'hem n
And have 'hem yeeld no savour, but of state
Ripe are their ruffes, their cuffes, their
their gaite,
And grave as ripe, like mellow as their face
They know the states of Christendome, [illegible]
places:
Yet have they seen the maps, and bought 'he
And understand 'hem, as most chapmen do.
The counsels, projects, practises they know,
And what each prince doth for intelligence
And unto whom: they are the almanacks
For twelves yeares yet to come, what eac
They carry in their pockets Tacitus,
And the Gazetti, or Gallo-Belgicus:

talke reserv'd, lock'd up, and full of feare,
, aske you, how the day goes, in your eare.
p a Starre-chamber sentence close twelve dayes:
whisper what a proclamation sayes.
y meet in sixes, and at every mart,
sure to con the catalogue by heart;
:very day, some one at Rimee's looks,
lil's, and there he buyes the names of books.
y all get Ports, for the sundry wayes
vrite in cypher, and the severall keyes,
pe' the character. They have found the sleight
ı juyce of limons, onions, pisse, to write;
ɔreake up seales, and close 'hem. And they
e states make peace, how it will go [know
ı England. All forbidden books they get.
of the powder-plot they will talke yet.
ıming the French king, their heads they shake,
at the pope, and Spaine, slight faces make.
;ainst the bishops, for the brethren, raile,
ı like those brethren; thinking to prevaile
ı ignorance on us, as they have done
ıem: and therefore do not only shun
rs more modest, but contemne us too,
know not so much state, wrong, as they do.

TO SIR THOMAS ROE.

ı hast begun well, Roe, which stand well to,
I know nothing more thou hast to do.
ıat is round within himselfe and streight,
l seeke no other strength, no other height;

Fortune upon him breaks her selfe, if ill,
And what would hurt his vertue, makes it still.
That thou at once, then, nobly mayst defend
With thine owne course the judgement of thy friend,
Be alwayes to thy gather'd selfe the same:
And studie conscience, more than thou would'st
fame.
Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
And ever is ill got without the first.

TO WILLIAM EARLE OF PEMBROKE.

I nor but name thee, Pembroke, and I finde
It is an epigramme on all man-kinde;
Against the bad, but of and to the good:
Both which are ask'd, to have thee understood.
Nor could the age have mist thee, in this strife
Of vice, and vertue; wherein all great life
Almost is exercis'd: and scarce one knows,
To which, yet, of the sides himselfe he owes.
They follow vertue, for reward, to day;
To morrow vice, if she give better pay:
And are so good, or bad, just at a price,
As nothing else discerns the vertue' or vice.
But thou whose nobleesse keepes one stature still,
And one true posture, though besieg'd with ill
Of what ambition, faction, pride can raise;
Whose life, ev'n they, that envie it, must praise;
That art so reverenc'd, as thy comming in,
But in the view, doth interrupt their sinne;
Thou must draw more; and they, that hope to see
The common-wealth still safe, must studie thee.

TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT.

If men get name for some one vertue: then,
What man art thou, that art so many men,
All-vertuous Herbert! on whose every part
Truth might spend all her voice, Fame all her art.
Whether thy learning they would take, or wit,
Or valour, or thy judgement seasoning it,
Thy standing upright to thy selfe, thy ends
Like straight, thy pietie to God, and friends:
Their latter praise would still the greatest be,
And yet they, all together, lesse than thee.

TO CAPTAINE HUNGRY.

Doe what you come for, captaine, with your newes;
That's, sit, and eat: doe not my eares abuse.
I oft looke on false coine, to know't from true:
Not that I love it more, than I will you.
Tell the grosse Dutch those grosser tales of yours,
How great you were with their two emperours;
And yet are with their princes: fill them full
Of your Moravian horse, Venetian bull. [away,
Tell them, what parts yo' have taen, whence run
What states yo' have gull'd, and which yet keeps yo'
Give them your services, and embassies [in pay.
In Ireland, Holland, Sweden; pompous lies!
In Hungary, and Poland, Turkie too;
What at Ligorne, Rome, Florence, you did doe:

And in some yeare, all these together heap'd,
For which there must more sea and land be leap'd,
If but to be beleev'd you have the hap,
Than can a flea at twice skip i' the map. [drunk,
Give your young states men, (that first make you
And then lye with you closer than a punque,
For news) your Ville-royes, and Silleries,
Ianins, your Nuncios, and your Tuilleries,
Your arch-dukes' agents, and your Beringhams,
That are your words of credit. Keepe your names
Of Hannow, Shieter-huissen, Popenheim,
Hans-spiegle, Rotteinberg, and Boutersheim,
For your next meale; this you are sure of. Why
Will you part with them, here unthriftily?
Nay, now you puffe, tuske, and draw up your chin,
Twirle the poore chaine you run a feasting in.
Come, be not angrie, you are hungry; eat;
Doe what you come for, captaine, there's your meat.

TO TRUE SOULDIERS.

STRENGTH of my countrey, whilst I bring to view
Such as are misse-call'd captaines, and wrong you;
And your high names: I doe desire, that thence
Be nor put on you, nor you take offence.
I sweare by your true friend, my Muse, I love
Your great profession; which I once did prove:
And did not shame it with my actions then,
No more than I dare now doe with my pen.
He that not trusts me, having vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the captaine still, is such.

TO CLEMENT EDMONDS,

ON HIS CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES OBSERVED, AND TRANSLATED.

Not Cæsar's deeds, nor all his honours wonne,
In these west-parts, nor when that warre was done,
The name of Pompey for an enemie,
Cato's to boot, Rome, and her libertie,
All yeelding to his fortune, nor the while,
To have engrav'd these acts, with his owne stile,
And that so strong and deepe, as 't might be thought,
He wrote with the same spirit that he fought,
Nor that his work liv'd in the hands of foes,
Un-argued then, and yet hath fame from those;
Not all these, Edmonds, or what else put too,
Can so speake Cæsar, as thy labours doe.
For, where his person liv'd scarce one just age,
And that, midst envie, and parts; then fell by rage:
His deeds too dying, but in bookes (whose good
How few have read! how fewer understood?)
Thy learned hand, and true Promethean art
(As by a new creation) part by part,
In every counsell, stratageme, designe,
Action, or engine, worth a note of thine,
T' all future time, not onely doth restore
His life, but makes, that he can die no more.

TO THE SAME, ON THE SAME.

Who, Edmonds, reades thy book and doth not see
What th' antique souldiers were, the moderne be?
Wherein thou shew'st how much the latter are
Beholding to this master of the war;
And that in action there is nothing new,
More than to vary what our elders knew:
Which all, but ignorant captaines, will confesse:
Nor to give Cæsar this, makes ours the lesse.
Yet thou, perhaps, shall meet some tongues will grutch,
That to the world thou should'st reveale so much,
And thence, deprave thee, and thy work. To those
Cæsar stands up, as from his urne late rose,
By thy great helpe: and doth proclaime by me,
They murder him againe that envy thee.

TO A WEAKE GAMSTER IN POETRY.

With thy small stock, why art thou ventring still
At this so subtile sport; and play'st so ill?
Think'st thou it is meere fortune that can win?
Or thy rank sitting? that thou dar'st put in
Thy all, at all: and what so ere I do,
Art still at that, and think'st to blow me up too?

I cannot for the stage a drama lay,
Tragick, or comick; but thou writ'st the play.
I leave thee there, and giving way, intend
An epick poeme; thou hast the same end.
I modestly quit that, and think to write,
Next morne, an ode: thou mak'st a song ere night.
I passe to elegies; thou meet'st me there:
To satyres; and thou dost pursue me. Where,
Where shall I scape thee? in an epigramme?
O, (thou cry'st out) that is thy proper game.
Troth, if it be, I pitty thy ill lucke;
That both for wit and sense so oft dost plucke,
And never art encounter'd, I confesse:
Nor scarce dost colour for it, which is lesse.
Pr'y thee, yet save the rest; give ore in time:
There's no vexation, that can make thee prime.

ON THE TOWNE'S HONEST MAN.

You wonder, who this is! and why I name
Him not aloud, that boasts so good a fame:
Naming so many, too! but, this is one,
Suffers no name, but a description:
Being no vitious person, but the vice
About the town; and known, too, at that price.
A subtile thing, that doth affections win
By speaking well o' the company it's in.
Talkes loud, and baudy, has a gather'd deale
Of news, and noyse, to sow out a long meale.
Can come from Tripoly, leape stooles, and wink,
Do all, that 'longs to the anarchy of drink,

Except the duell. Can sing songs and catches;
Give every one his dose of mirth: and watches
Whose name's un-welcome to the present eare,
And him it layes on; if it be not there.
Tells of him all the tales it selfe then makes;
But, if it shall be question'd, under-takes,
It will deny all; and forsweare it too:
Not that it feares, but will not have to do
With such a one. And therein keeps its word,
'Twill see its sister naked, ere a sword.
At every meale, where it doth dine, or sup,
The cloth's no sooner gone, but it gets up,
And shifting of its faces, doth play more
Parts than the Italian could do, with his door.
Acts old iniquity, and in the fit
Of miming, gets the' opinion of a wit.
Executes men in picture. By defect,
From friendship, is its own fame's architect,
An inginer, in slanders, of all fashions,
That seeming prayses are yet accusations.
Describ'd it's thus: defin'd would you it have?
Then, the town's honest man's her errant'st knave.

TO SIR WILLIAM JEPHSON.

Iephson, thou man of men, to whose lov'd name
All gentry, yet, owe part of their best flame!
So did thy vertue 'nforme, thy wit sustaine
That age, when thou stood'st up the master-braine:
Thou wert the first mad'st merit know her strength,
And those that lack'd it, to suspect at length,
'Twas not entayl'd on title. That some word
Might be found out as good, and not my lord:

That nature no such difference had imprest
In men, but every bravest was the best:
That blood not minds, but minds did blood adorne:
And to live great was better than great borne.
These were thy knowing arts: which who doth now
Vertuously practise, must at least allow
Them in, if not from thee; or must commit
A desperate solecisme in truth and wit.

AN EPITAPH.

ON S. P. A CHILD OF Q. EL. CHAPPEL.

WEEP with me all you that read
This little story:
And know, for whom a teare you shed,
Death's selfe is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As Heaven and Nature seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature.
Yeares he numbred scarce thirteene,
When Fates turn'd cruell,
Yet three fill'd zodiackes had he been
The stage's jewell;
And did act (what now we moane)
Old men so duely,
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
He plai'd so truely.
So, by errour, to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since (alas, too late)
They have repented;

And have sought (to give new birth)
In bathes to steep him;
But being so much too good for Earth,
Heaven vowes to keepe him.

TO ESME LORD AUBIGNY.

Is there a hope, that man would thankfull be,
If I should faile, in gratitude, to thee
To whom I am so bound, lov'd Aubigny?
No, I do, therefore, call posterity
Into the debt; and reckon on her head,
How full of want, how swallow'd up, how dead
I, and this Muse had been, if thou hadst not
Lent timely succours, and new life begot:
So, all reward, or name, that growes to me
By her attempt, shall still be owing thee.
And than this same, I know no abler way
To thank thy benefits: which is, to pay.

TO EDWARD FILMER,

ON HIS MUSICAL WORK DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN.
ANNO 1629.

What charming peales are these,
That, while they bind the senses, doe so please?
They are the marriage-rites
Of two, the choicest paire of man's delights,
Musique and Poesie:
French aire, and English verse, here wedded lie.

Who did this knot compose,
Againe hath brought the lilly to the rose;
And, with their chained dance,
Re-celebrates the joyfull match with France.
They are a school to win
The faire French daughter to learne English in;
And, graced with her song,
To make the language sweet upon her tongue.

TO MIME.

That not a paire of friends each other see,
But the first question is, When one saw thee?
That there's no journey set, or thought upon,
To Braynford, Hackney, Bow, but thou mak'st one;
That scarce the towne designeth any feast
To which thou'rt not a weeke bespoke a guest;
That still thou'rt made the supper's flagge, the drum,
The very call, to make all others come: [strive
Think'st thou, Mime, this is great? or, that they
Whose noise shall keepe thy miming most alive,
Whil'st thou doth raise some player from the grave,
Out-dance the Babion, or out-boast the brave;
Or (mounted on a stoole) thy face doth hit
On some new gesture, that's imputed wit?
O, runne not proud of this. Yet, take thy due.
Thou dost out-zany Cokely, Pod; nay, Gue:
And thine owne Coriat too. But (would'st thou see)
Men love thee not for this: they laugh at thee.

THE FORREST.

WHY I WRITE NOT OF LOVE.

Some act of Love's bound to rehearse,
I thought to bind him in my verse:
Which when he felt, Away, (quoth he)
Can poets hope to fetter me?
It is enough, they once did get
Mars and my mother in their net:
I weare not these my wings in vaine.
With which he fled me: and againe.
Into my rimes could ne're be got
By any art. Then wonder not,
That since my numbers are so cold,
When Love is fled, and I grow old.

TO PENSHURST.

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show,
Of touch, or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polish'd pillars, or a roofe of gold:
Thou hast no lantherne, whereof tales are told;

stayre, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
d, these grudg'd at, art reverenc'd the while.
ou joy'st in better marks, of soile, of ayre,
wood, of water: therein thou art faire.
ou hast thy walkes for health, as well as sport:
y Mount, to which the Dryads do resort,
ıere Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
ıeath the broad beach and the chest-nut shade;
e taller tree which of a nut was set,
his great birth, where all the Muses met.
ere, in the writhed barke, are cut the names
many a Sylvane, taken with his flames;
d thence the ruddy Satyres oft provoke
e lighter Faunes, to reach thy ladie's oke.
y copp's too, nam'd of Gamage, thou hast there,
at never failes to serve thee season'd deere,
ıen thou wouldst feast, or exercise thy friends.
e lower land, that to the river bends,
y sheep, thy bullocks, kine and calves, do feed:
e middle grounds thy mares, and horses breed.
ıh banck doth yeeld thee coneyes; and the topps
tile of wood, Ashore and Sydney's copps,
crown thy open table, doth provide
e purple pheasant, with the speckled side;
e painted partrich lyes in every field,
d for thy messe is willing to be kill'd.
d if the high-swolne Medway faile thy dish,
ou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish,
aged carps, that run into thy net,
d pikes, now weary their own kinde to eat,
loth the second draught or cast to stay,
ıciously at first themselves betray.

Bright eeles, that emulate them, and leape on land,
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the ayre, and new as are the houres.
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:
The blushing apricot and woolly peach
Hang on thy wals, that every child may reach.
And though thy wals be of the countrey stone,
They're rear'd with no man's ruine, no man's grone:
There's none that dwell about them wish them downe;
But all come in, the farmer and the clowne:
And no one empty-handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no sute.
Some bring a capon, some a rurall cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses bring 'hem; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands; and whose baskets beare
An emblème of themselves, in plum or peare.
But what can this (more than expresse their love)
Adde to thy free provisions, farre above
The need of such? whose liberall boord doth flow,
With all that hospitality doth know!
Where comes no guest but is allow'd to eat,
Without his feare, and of thy lord's owne meat:
Where the same beere and bread, and selfe-same wine,
That is his lordship's, shall be also mine.
And I not faine to sit (as some this day,
At great men's tables) and yet dine away.

Here no man tels my cups; nor, standing by,
A waiter doth my gluttony envy:
But gives me what I call for, and lets me eate;
He knowes, below, he shall finde plentie of meate;
Thy tables hoord not up for the next day,
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire, or lights, or livorie: all is there;
As if thou then wert mine, or I raign'd here:
There 's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
That found king James, when hunting late this way,
With his brave sonne, the prince, they saw thy fires
Shine bright on every harth, as the desires
Of thy Penates had beene set on flame,
To entertayne them; or the countrey came,
With all their zeale to warme their welcome here.
What (great, I will not say, but) sodaine cheare
Didst thou then make 'hem! and what praise was heap'd
On thy good lady then! who therein reap'd
The just reward of her high huswifery;
To have her linnen, plate, and all things nigh
When she was farre: and not a roome, but drest,
As if it had expected such a guest!
These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.
Thy lady's noble, fruitfull, chaste withall.
His children thy great lord may call his owne:
A fortune in this age but rarely knowne,
They are, and have beene taught religion: thence
Their gentler spirits have suck'd innocence.
Each morne, and even, they are taught to pray
With the whole houshold, and may every day
Reade in their vertuous parents' noble parts,
The *mysteries of* manners, armes, and arts.

Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion th
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud, ambitious heaps, and nothing el
May say, their lords have built, but thy
dwells.

TO THE WORLD.

A FAREWELL FOR A GENTLEWOMAN, VERTUOUS NOBLE.

False world, good-night, since thou hast bro
That houre upon my morne of age,
Hence-forth I quit thee from my thought,
My part is ended on thy stage.
Doe not once hope, that thou canst tempt
A spirit so resolv'd to tread
Upon thy throat, and live exempt
From all the nets that thou canst spread.
I know thy formes are studied arts,
Thy subtill wayes be narrow straits;
Thy curtesie but sudden starts,
And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits.
I know, too, though thou strut, and paint,
Yet art thou both shrunke up, and old;
That onely fooles make thee a saint,
And all thy good is to be sold.
I know thou whole art but a shop
Of toyes, and trifles, traps, and snares,
To take the weake, or make them stop:
Yet art thou falser than thy wares.

And, knowing this, should I yet stay,
  Like such as blow away their lives,
And never will redeeme a day,
  Enamor'd of their golden gyves?
Or having scap'd, shall I returne,
  And thrust my neck into the noose,
From whence, so lately, I did burne,
  With all my powers, my selfe to loose?
What bird, or beast, is knowne so dull,
  That fled his cage, or broke his chaine,
And tasting aire, and freedome, wull
  Render his head in there againe?
If these, who have but sense, can shun
  The engines, that have them annoy'd;
Little, for me, had reason done,
  If I could not thy ginnes avoid.
Yes, threaten, doe. Alas I feare
  As little, as I hope from thee:
I know thou canst nor shew, nor beare
  More hatred, than thou hast to me.
My tender, first, and simple yeares
  Thou did'st abuse, and then betray;
Since stird'st up jealousies and feares,
  When all the causes were away.
Then, in a soile hast planted me,
  Where breathe the basest of thy fooles;
Where envious arts professed be,
  And pride, and ignorance the schooles,
Where nothing is examin'd, weigh'd,
  But, as 't is rumor'd, so beleev'd:
Where every freedome is betray'd,
  And every goodnesse tax'd, or griev'd.

But, what we're borne for, we must beare:
  Our fraile condition it is such,
That, what to all may happen here,
  If't chance to me, I must not grutch.
Else, I my state should much mistake,
  To harbour a divided thought
From all my kinde: that, for my sake,
  There should a miracle be wrought.
No, I doe know, that I was borne
  To age, misfortune, sicknesse, griefe:
But I will beare these with that scorne,
  As shall not need thy false reliefe.
Nor for my peace will I goe farre,
  As wandrers doe, that still doe rome;
But make my strengths, such as they are,
  Here in my bosome, and at home.

SONG.

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kisse but in the cup,
  And I'le not looke for wine.
The thirst, that from the soule doth rise,
  Doth aske a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
  I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosie wreath,
  Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
  It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st onely breathe,
  And sent'st it back to me:
Since when, it growes, and smells, I sweare,
  Not of it selfe, but thee.

EPODE.

The thing, they here call love, is blinde desire,
  Arm'd with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis borne,
  Rough, swelling, like a storme:
With whom who sailes, rides on the surge of feare,
  And boyles, as if he were
In a continuall tempest. Now, true love
  No such effects doth prove;
That is an essence farre more gentle, fine,
  Pure, perfect, may divine;
It is a golden chaine let downe from Heaven,
  Whose links are bright, and even.
That falls like sleepe on lovers, and combines
  The soft and sweetest mindes
In equall knots: this beares no brands, nor darts,
  To murther different hearts,
But, in a calme and god-like unitie,
  Preserves communitie.
O, who is he, that (in this peace) enjoyes
  Th' elixir of all joyes?

A forme more fresh, than are the Eden bowers,
And lasting as her flowers:
Richer than time, and as time's vertue, rare:
Sober, as saddest care:
A fixed thought, an eye un-taught to glance;
Who (blest with such high chance)
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
Cast himselfe from the spire
Of all his happinesse? but soft: I heare
Some vicious foole draw neare, [thing,
That cryes, we dream, and swears there's no such
As this chaste love we sing.
Peace, luxury, thou art like one of those,
Who, being at sea, suppose,
Because they move, the continent doth so.
No, vice, we let thee know, [flye,
Though thy wild thoughts with sparrows' wings do
Turtles can chastly dye.

ODE TO SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Now that the harth is crown'd with smiling fire.
And some do drink, and some do dance,
Some ring,
Some sing,
And all do strive t' advance
The gladnesse higher:
Wherefore should I
Stand silent by.
Who not the least,
Both love the cause, and authors of the feast?

Give me my cup, but from the Thespian well,
That I may tell to Sydney, what
This day
Doth say,
And he may think on that
Which I do tell:
When all the noyse
Of these forc'd joyes,
Are fled and gone,
And he with his best genius left alone.

This day says, then, the number of glad yeares
Are justly summ'd, that make you man;
Your vow
Must now
Strive all right ways it can
T' out-strip your peeres:
Since he doth lack
Of going back
Little, whose will
Doth urge him to run wrong, or to stand still.

SONGS, &c.

Queene and huntresse, chaste and faire,
  Now the Sunne is laid to sleepe;
Seated in thy silver chaire,
  State in wonted manner keepe:
Hesperus intreats thy light,
Goddesse excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
  Dare it selfe to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orbe was made
  Heaven to cleere when day did close;
Blesse us then with wished sight,
Goddesse excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearle apart,
  And thy crystall-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
  Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddesse excellently bright.

FROM THE POETASTER.

If I freely can discover
What would please me in my lover:

I would have her faire and wittie,
Savouring more of court than citie;
A little proud, but full of pittie:
Light and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soone destroying;
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
either too easie, nor too hard:
ll extremes I would have bard.

ıe should be allowed her passions,
› they were but us'd as fashions;
Sometimes froward and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish and then swowning,
Every fit, with change, still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her.
'Tis a vertue should not save her.
hus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
either her peevishnesse annoy me.

[ELT, earth, to sea, sea, flow to aire,
And, aire, flie into fire,
/hil'st we in tunes to Arthur's chaire
Beare Oberon's desire;
Than which there nothing can be higher,
ave James, to whom it flies:
ut he the wonder is of tongues, of eares, of eies.

/ho hath not heard, who hath not seene,
Who hath not sung his name?
he soule that hath not, hath not beene:

But is the very same
With buried sloth, and knowes not fame,
Which doth him best comprise:
For he the wonder is of tongues, of eares, of eies.

FROM THE SHEPHERD'S HOLIDAY.

NYMPH I.

Thus, thus, begin the yearly rites
Are due to Pan on these bright nights;
His morne now riseth, and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights:
All envious and prophane away,
This is the shepherd's holy-day.

NYMPH II.

Strew, strew, the glad and smiling ground,
With every flower, yet not confound
The prime-rose drop, the spring's owne spouse,
Bright dayes-eyes, and the lips of cowes,
The garden-star, the queene of May,
The rose, to crowne the holy-day.

NYMPH III.

Drop, drop you violets, change your hues,
Now red, now pale, as lovers use,
And in your death goe out as well,
As when you liv'd unto the smell:
That from your odour all may say,
This is the shepherd's holy-day.

HYMN TO PAN.

Of Pan we sing, the best of singers, Pan
  That taught us swains how first to tune our lays,
And on the pipe more aires than Phœbus can.
CHO. Heare, O you groves, and hills resound his
    praise.

Of Pan we sing, the best of leaders, Pan
  That leads the Nayads, and the Dryads forth;
And to their daunces more then Hermes can.
CHO. Heare, O you groves, and hills resound his
    worth.

Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan
  That drives the heart to seeke unused wayes,
And in the chace more than Sylvanus can,
CHO. Heare, O you groves, and hills resound his
    praise.

Of Pan we sing, the best of shepherds, Pan
  That keepes our flocks, and us, and both leads forth
To better pastures than great Pales can:
CHO. Heare, O you groves, and hills resound his
    worth.
And while his powers and praises thus we sing,
The valleys let rebound, and all the rivers ring.

FROM THE SILENT WOMAN.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

IN THE DEVIL IS AN ASS.

Do but look on her eyes! they do light
  All that love's world comprizeth:
Do but look on her hair! it is bright
  As love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that sooth her!
And from her arch'd brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face;
As alone there triumphs to the life,
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
  Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
  Before the soil hath smutch'd it?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's-down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?
Or the nard i' the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O, so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet is she.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

WHAT is this, Heavens, you prepare,
  With so much switnesse, and so sodaine rising?
There are no sonnes of Earth that dare
  Again rebellion? or the gods surprising?

The world doth shake, and nature feares,
  Yet is the tumult and the horrour greater
Within our minds than in our eares: [threat her.
  So much Rome's faults (now grown her fate) do

The priest and people run about,
  Each order, age, and sexe amaz'd at other;
And at the ports all thronging out,
  As if their safety were to quit their mother:

Yet finde they the same dangers there,
  From which they make such haste to be preserved;
For guilty states do ever beare
  The plagues about them which they have deserved.

And till those plagues do get above
  The mountaines of our faults, and there do sit;
We see 'hem not. Thus still we love
  The evill we do, untill we suffer it.

ut most ambition, that neere vice
To vertue, hath the fate of Rome provoked;
and made, that now Rome's selfe no price,
To free her from the death wherewith she's yoked.

hat restlesse ill, that still doth build
Upon successe; and ends not in aspiring:
ut there begins: and ne're is fill'd, [siring.
While ought remaines that seemes but worth de-

herein the thought, unlike the eye,
To which things far seeme smaller than they are,
eemes all contentment plac'd on high:
And thinks there's nothing great but what is far.

, that in time, Rome did not cast
Her errours up, this fortune to prevent;
' have seene her crimes ere they were past:
And felt her faults before her punishment.

LOVE, A LITTLE BOY.

FROM THE

MASQUE ON LORD HADDINGTON'S MARRIAGE.

FIRST GRACE.

Beauties, have ye seen this toy,
Called Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruell now; and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say;
He is Venus' run-away.

SECOND GRACE.

She, that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall, to night, receive a kisse,
How, or where, her selfe would wish:
But, who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kisse, and another.

THIRD GRACE.

H' hath of markes about him plenty:
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being shot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

EPITHALAMION.

FROM THE SAME.

Up, youthes and virgins, up, and praise
The god whose nights out-shine his dayes;
Hymen, whose hallowed rites
Could never boast of brighter lights;
Whose bands passe libertee.
Two of your troope, that, with the morne were free,
Are now wag'd to his warre.
And what they are,
If you'll perfection see,
Your selves must bee.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished starre.

What joy, or honours can compare
With holy nuptials, when they are
Made out of equall parts
Of yeeres, of states, of hands, of hearts?
When in the happie choyce,
The spouse and spoused have the formost voyce?
Such, glad of Hymen's warre;
Live what they are,
And long perfection see:
And such ours bee.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished starre.

The solemne state of this one night
Were fit to last an age's light;
But there are rites behind
Have lesse of state, but more of kind:
Love's wealthy croppe of kisses,
And fruitfull harvest of his mother's blisses.
Sound then to Hymen's warre:
That what these are,
Who will perfection see,
May haste to bee.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished starre.

Love's common-wealth consists of toyes;
His councell are those antique boyes,
Games, laughter, sports, delights,
That triumph with him on these nights:
To whom we must give way,
For now their raigne begins, and lasts till day.
They sweeten Hymen's warre,
And, in that jarre,
Make all that married bee,
Perfection see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished starre.

WITCHES' CHARME.

FROM THE MASQUE OF QUEENS.

The owle is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountaine,
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,
And frog peeps out o' the fountaine;
The dogs, they do bay, and the timbrels play
The spindle is now a-turning;
The Moone it is red, [illegible] the starres are fled
But all the sky is a-[illegible]ning;
The ditch is made, and our nayles the spade,
With pictures full, of waxe and of woolle;
Their lives I stick, with needles quick;
There lacks but the blood, to make up the fi
Quickly, dame, then, bring your part in,
Spurre, spurre, upon little Martin,
Merrily, merrily, make him saile,
A worme in his mouth, and a thorne in 's t
Fire above, and fire below,
With a whip i' your hand, to make him go

O, now she's come!
Let all be dumbe.

DAME, HAGS.

Well done, my Hags. And, come we fraugh
spight,
To overthrow the glory of this night?
Holds our great purpose? HAG. Yes. DAM. Bo
there none
Of our just number? HAG. Call us, one b

l then our Dame shall see. DAM. First, then, advance
drowsie servant, stupide Ignorance,
wn by thy scaly vesture; and bring on
fearefull sister, wild Suspition,
ose eyes do never sleep; let her knit hands
h quick Credulity, that next her stands,
o hath but one eare, and that always ope;
o-fac'd Falsehood follow in the rope;
l lead on Murmure, with the cheeks deep hung;
Malice, whetting of her forked tongue;
l Malice, Impudence, whose forehead's lost;
Impudence lead slander on, to boast
oblique look; and to her subtle side,
u, black-mouth'd Execration, stand apply'd;
w to thee Bitternesse, whose pores sweat gal;
flame-ey'd Rage; Rage, Mischiefe. HAG. Here we are all.

END OF VOL. III.